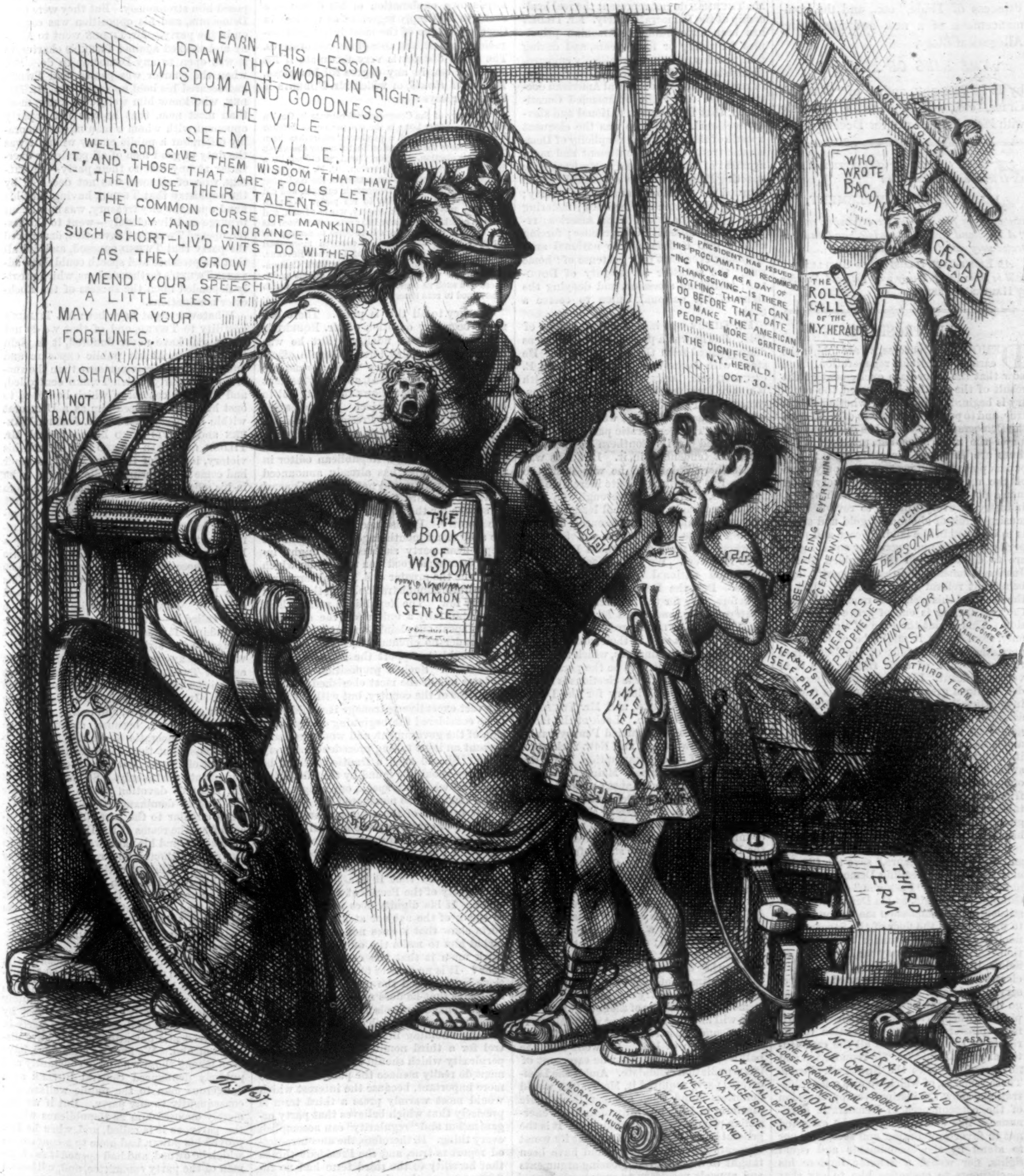
Genl Pr

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 935.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1874. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1874, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



AND
LEARN THIS LESSON,
DRAW THY SWORD IN RIGHT.
WISDOM AND GOODNESS
TO THE VILE
SEEM VILE.
WELL, GOD GIVE THEM WISDOM THAT HAVE
IT, AND THOSE THAT ARE FOOLS LET
THEM USE THEIR TALENTS.
THE COMMON CURSE OF MANKIND,
FOLLY AND IGNORANCE.
SUCH SHORT-LIV'D WITS DO WITHER
AS THEY GROW.
MEND YOUR SPEECH
A LITTLE LEST IT
MAY MAR YOUR
FORTUNES.
W. SHAKSP
NOT BACON
THE BOOK OF WISDOM
COMMON SENSE
THE NORTH POLE
WHO WROTE BACON
THE PRESIDENT HAS ISSUED HIS PROCLAMATION RECOMMENDING NOV. 26 AS A DAY OF THANKSGIVING.—IS THERE NOTHING THAT HE CAN DO BEFORE THAT DATE TO MAKE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE MORE GRATEFUL?
THE DIGNIFIED N.Y. HERALD. OCT. 30.
THE ROLL CALL OF THE N.Y. HERALD
CÆSAR DEAD
N.Y. HERALD
BELITTLEING EVERYTHING
CENTENNIAL
DIX
BUCHU
PERSONALS.
HERALD'S PROPHECIES
ANYTHING FOR A SENSATION.
WE WANT THE POPE TO COME TO AMERICA.
HERALD'S SELF-PRAISE
THIRD TERM.
THIRD TERM.
CÆSAR
THE N.Y. HERALD. NOV. 10 1874.
AWFUL CALAMITY,
THE WILD ANIMALS BROKEN LOOSE FROM CENTRAL PARK
TERRIBLE SCENES OF MUTILATION.
A SHOCKING SABBATH CARNIVAL OF DEATH.
SAVAGE BRUTES AT LARGE.
THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.
MORAL OF THE WHOLE.—IT IS A HUGE HOAX.
Th. Nast

THE "FUNNY" LITTLE BOY IN TROUBLE.

J. G. B., JUN. "I was ridiculed, mocked, and held up to scorn when I trotted out Cæsarism, and the President of the United States said it was beneath his dignity to answer 'the mysterious influence' of the New York *Herald*. Now they say it was cruel to let Central Park wild animals loose, and that fellow that played so nicely with me on my hobby said I ought to be sent into the Tombs. But, oh, didn't I frighten the people!"

MINERVA. "If you had a little dignity it might prevent your indulging in so many practical jokes."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1874.

☞ A magnificent illustrated EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a charming Novelette,

"THE MAID OF KILLEENA,"

by WILLIAM BLACK, author of "The Princess of Thule," etc., and the commencement of a new and interesting Allegorical Story,

"THE KING OF NO-LAND,"

by B. L. FARJEON, author of "Blade-o'-Grass," etc., will be issued gratuitously with HARPER'S BAZAR for December 12.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing a fine double-page engraving, entitled "A Highland Reel at Abergeldie," and an illustrated story called "The Death Cry."

An EIGHT-PAGE ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE PROSPECT.

DEMOCRATIC success, we are told, is the earnest of national regeneration. And now that the immediate excitement of the result of the election has passed, the country is beginning to consider whether this is true, and to ponder the chances of relief from the Democratic party. It has gained power under the most sweeping promises. The times are hard, and the party orators and papers point to the party as the only hope of the unemployed laborer. Every poor man's pot is now to boil over with plenty. Industry of every kind is to revive. The musical clink of abounding gold and silver is to be heard in the land. Peace and prosperity and profound regard for equal rights are to descend upon the troubled South. Justice, economy, progress, prosperity, and beneficent reform are all at hand. But in the midst of this pæan it is remarkable that the real feeling is one of grave apprehension. This is not the tone of Republicans only, from whom it might be expected as partisans, but it is that of the Democrats themselves and of their friends, and it is very significant. If a young man comes suddenly into a great fortune, and his friends instantly fall to imploring him for Heaven's sake not to betake himself to drunkenness, gambling, and every kind of debauchery, and if he himself piteously prays some charitable fate to save him from consorting with swine and living an unclean life, there is but one explanation, and it is that he and his friends understand his proclivities. Certainly no sane man would make him the guardian of his children or the trustee of his estate.

"Let the Democrats behave themselves, and the future is secure," says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the leading Democratic journal of the West. "I ask you," says Senator GORDON, in Georgia, to his Democratic constituents, "to commission me in your name to pledge upon the floor of the Senate your fidelity to the Union under the Constitution." "We resolve," say the Democrats of Selma, in Alabama, "that the rights of all classes of men must be respected and preserved inviolate." "The party should lose no time," says the New York *Tribune*,......"in planting themselves firmly upon the Baltimore platform of 1872 in relation to the rights of the negroes and all the constitutional amendments." "No repudiation and no secession," cries the New York *Herald*. These remarks, of which we cite a few illustrations, show the instinctive apprehension of the consequences of Democratic dominance. The party would not be exhorted not to favor repudiation and secession, nor to stand by the amendments and equal rights, nor would a Senator implore his constituents to authorize him to say that they were loyal to the Union, unless it was known that there was an immense element of disloyalty, of contempt of equal rights, and of the spirit of repudiation in the party. No paper or orator beseeches Republicans to respect the amendments and the national faith and equal rights and the constitutional Union—and for exactly the same reason that Episcopalians are not exhorted to adhere to the apostolical succession, nor the Romanists to be faithful to the dogma of transubstantiation. Those doctrines are cardinal points of faith with those religious bodies, and the principles to which the Democrats are nervously besought by some of their own body to be true are the very life-breath of the Republican party.

But what is the reason of this instinctive and universal distrust of the Democratic party, and of the stout assertion of the Republicans who have helped them to success, that the result is not a Democratic victory, but only a Republican defeat? Are not Mr. TILDEN and Mr. THURMAN patriotic and honorable men? it is asked; are they likely to encourage a breach of the national faith, or to wink at disloyalty, or to connive at injustice? The reply is that Mr. TILDEN and Mr. THURMAN do not represent the real leadership of the Democratic party. Mr. TILDEN has been expounding Jeffersonian principles for thirty or forty years, and during that time his party was practically engaged, by legislation and by judicial interpretation, in reversing the fundamental American doctrine, even under the unamended Constitution, that freedom was national and slavery sectional. While he was the eloquent apostle of the purity and simplicity of Democratic truth, the real sentiment and management of the Democratic party were busy enacting MASON'S Fugitive Slave Bill, which spurned the common guarantees of liberty; plotting the Ostend conspiracy; fostering raids upon Cuba and Central America; repealing the Missouri Compromise; forcing slavery into Kansas by the national arm, despising even that poor pretense of "home rule," the squatter sovereignty of DOUGLAS; justifying secession, and denying the right of the national Union to coerce a State.

Mr. TILDEN was indeed a Barnburner of 1848. But he was a political Barnburner, as distinguished from those of principle. He stood with JOHN VAN BUREN, SANFORD E. CHURCH, and DEAN RICHMOND, not with WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, JAMES S. WADSWORTH, and PRESTON KING. The last broke with their party, the first were soon forced into line. The Democratic party was absolutely ruled by its Southern element, by the worst tendencies in it. DOUGLAS was its Northern chief, and he was from the West. But DOUGLAS, despite incredible humiliations, was dragged through the mire and kicked aside by the real leadership of the party, which was represented by JEFFERSON DAVIS and MASON and SLIDELL, of whom the mass of Northern Democrats were followers. We have reached a later time, and national questions have new forms. But the Democratic party must, as before, play for the Southern and Southwestern States, and again Mr. TILDEN and Mr. THURMAN do not represent its real sentiment. This is seen in their position upon the question of the finances, which the Democratic papers concede to be the paramount issue. The success in the elections is hailed as a "hard-money" victory for the Democrats, and Mr. TILDEN and Mr. THURMAN are "hard-money" men. Look at the facts. The Democrats have carried Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, and New York upon a platform of speedy resumption. The Republicans have carried Maine, Vermont, Iowa, Michigan, and Kansas upon a similar platform. But the Democrats have also carried Indiana, Tennessee, Missouri, and Ohio upon a platform of plain repudiation or inflation. The Southern States in which the Democrats were also successful said little upon the subject, but the party planted itself upon the white man's platform.

A simple statement of the facts exposes the absurdity of regarding the result as a declaration that the country expects or intends to return to a sound currency under Democratic control; and it shows that while Mr. TILDEN and Mr. THURMAN are hard-money men, they do not, as such, represent the national sentiment of their party. When these gentlemen come to try conclusions with the Democratic sentiment of the South and West, they will find themselves just where Mr. SEYMOUR found himself in the Tammany National Convention of 1868. He went into the hall a "hard-money" man; he came out of it a repudiation candidate. And if the Democratic party required it, Mr. TILDEN would doubtless stand upon a paper Democratic platform in 1876, mentally affirming Jeffersonian principles and hard money. It is the general knowledge of the fact that its worst elements control the party, and have been taught to do so by the debasing arguments and appeals necessary to sustain slavery—the consciousness that the great mass of Democrats look upon the fine doctrinaires of the Manhattan Club as burly Brobdingnag looked upon the dapper little Captain Gulliver—that explains the instinctive apprehension of the possibility of a Democratic restoration.

THE PRESIDENT'S DUTY TO HIS PARTY.

IT is incredible that the President should be the only man in the country who does not understand the relation of the third term agitation to the late elections. But a detailed statement in one of the New York papers, which in this case apparently speaks with knowledge, says that he does not think the popular verdict was influenced by the senseless cries about a third term, and that South Carolina was carried by the Republicans with the third term in the platform, while Mr. ELLIS H. ROBERTS, the Representative from the Republican Utica district in New York, was beaten after his nominating Convention declared against it. This last remark has peculiar significance when considered in the light of Mr. ROBERTS'S own explanation of his defeat—an event to be deeply regretted as the loss in Congress of one of the most intelligent, sagacious, honest, and able of Representatives. The Utica district is very fortunate if his successor can in any degree fill his place. The Utica *Herald*, of which Mr. ROBERTS is the editor, says:

> "The story of the Congressional canvass in Oneida tells itself. SCOTT LORD is the law partner of Senator ROSCOE CONKLING, and a persistent effort has been made to create the impression that Senator CONKLING desired his election, while Mr. CONKLING did not lift a finger to correct that impression. C. M. DENNISON, United States Commissioner, was from the beginning a leading adviser in the Democratic canvass, and did not conceal his opposition to his party. WILLIAM COMSTOCK, Register in Bankruptcy, was less frank, and quite as mischievous. LEVI BLAKESLEE came from his rich berth in the New York Post-office to destroy the party at whose hands he had received more than $40,000 in salary as Collector of Internal Revenue. GEORGE KLINCK represented the New York Custom-house in the war upon the candidate of his party. These and such as these organized the faction which determined to ruin since it could not rule."

The key to all this is plain. There has never been any question of Mr. ROBERTS'S honest Republican fidelity. But he was opposed to the third term. Certain office-holders favor it. They work against his election. He is defeated, and the President says that his defeat shows the party not to be unfriendly to the project. The necessary conclusion is that the President would accept a third nomination, which his office-holders would engineer. The most distinguished and honored Republican editor in the United States has already announced that his journal would not support General GRANT for a third term. We believe that he speaks for the best Republican press of the country. Persistence in the project, as we said many months ago, would rend the Republican party asunder. It might, indeed, force some good men to consider which would be the greater evil, a third term or a Democratic administration. But they would be very few. The Republican press, which is substantially a unit upon the question, should speak out plainly, and let it be known that under no circumstances now conceivable would it support the President for a third term. Such a proposition not only violates one of the most cherished political traditions of the country, but with the present vast executive patronage it would justly be considered the beginning of a subversion of the government, and would in itself present an issue taking precedence of every other. Should such a frantic attempt be made, we should be found by the side of the leader of whom we speak, opposing to the end a candidate so nominated.

But in view of the situation, and of the necessity of contesting the general election of 1876 with every advantage, it seems to us the plain duty of the President to declare his position upon this subject. It can no longer be said that it is a joke, and that the dignity of the President forbids him to speak. If his dignity does not forbid him to speak of the subject at all, and the reports show that it does not, why should it forbid him to make the only important remark upon it that the country wishes to hear? It is no answer to say that the elections have settled the matter. The President says that he does not think so, and as the patronage controls the party organization, and as every selfish consideration leads the office-holding interest to use that control for a third nomination, a doubt and perplexity which should not exist for a moment do really menace the party. It is the more important, because the interest which would most warmly press a third term is precisely that which believes that party organization and "regularity" can accomplish every thing. If, therefore, the uncontradicted report is true, and the President thinks that hostility to the third term had no influence upon the elections, and that Mr. ROBERTS'S defeat is the evidence, let the press of his own party assure him how profoundly he is mistaken, and convince him that should he be regularly renominated, the best Republican journals from the Atlantic to the Pacific would oppose his election with the same patriotism and energy that they advocated it in 1868 and 1872.

MR. TILDEN AND TWEED.

WE have been reproached with misrepresenting Mr. TILDEN'S position in regard to TWEED. It is charged that while we knew perfectly well his opposition to him and his efforts for his overthrow, we have yet given the impression that Mr. TILDEN somehow connived at TWEED'S crimes. The charge is wholly untrue. In all that we have said of Mr. TILDEN we have expressed what we feel—the highest respect for his personal character and ability, and the sincerest recognition of his public service in the final proceedings against TWEED. We have, however, cited his action toward the Ring as an illustration of his intense and unswerving partisanship. Mr. TILDEN knew TWEED'S character and designs, and naturally opposed him strenuously. But they were both Democrats, and his opposition was carried on in the party. Mr. TILDEN went to Albany and worked against TWEED'S charter, as it was open to any Democrat to do. But when the charter was passed, and TWEED had secured his hold upon the city, Mr. TILDEN, who knew him well, who knew, more than most men, that he was not a party opponent with whom a man might honorably differ, but a public enemy whom it was the duty of good men of all parties to overthrow at any cost to their party—Mr. TILDEN, who, of all men, was not deceived by the sophistry that TWEED, having laid his hand upon the city treasury, was now about to purge and live cleanly—went to Rochester, opened TWEED'S Convention, denounced the party that TWEED opposed, and did all that his presence and speech could do to advance TWEED'S further designs, which greatly depended upon the success of the Rochester nominations.

Whatever might have been Mr. TILDEN'S hostility to TWEED, and of that we do not doubt and have never doubted, it is plain that he thought his public exposure and punishment of less importance than the success of the party which TWEED controlled, and from the control of which he hoped to oust him. He opposed him as a Democrat within his party, just as Mr. JOSEPH WARREN and JARVIS LORD have opposed Mr. TILDEN, and when TWEED had secured his victory, instead of thinking that the hour had come for arousing public opinion, as he in his official position could have done more powerfully than any body else, without changing his feeling toward TWEED or relaxing his enmity within his party, Mr. TILDEN continued to co-operate with him as a Democrat in the success of the Democratic party, whose supremacy he considered to be indispensable to the public welfare. This was his sincere conviction, and he acted sincerely. But it was precisely what we have called it—intense and unswerving partisanship. It was subordinating the good citizen to the strict partisan. He was unwilling by any public and emphatic protest against TWEED, and by open and resolute opposition to him, to risk the success of his party. In fact, Mr. TILDEN looked at the matter as a Democrat, and not as a citizen; honestly, indeed, because, as we say, he thought Democratic success with TWEED more important than Democratic defeat on account of TWEED, but none the less, in our judgment, mistakenly. So complete was Mr. TILDEN'S devotion to his party under the TWEED dominance that when the famous circular to the rural districts was issued from the rooms of the Democratic State Committee, and his name was signed to it as chairman, although he wrote to the *Evening Post*, which called attention to its enormity, that his name had been signed without his knowledge, he added that he did not think it bore the construction which had been laid upon it, but which seemed to every body not blinded by partisanship the necessary construction.

There is a man in the Republican party, General BUTLER, whom many good Republicans have known, and therefore opposed, not only within the party, but absolutely and unconditionally; and now at last by openly working against their own party in his district and defeating it, they have disposed of him. We here, at a distance, have been among those who have constantly and publicly denounced General BUTLER as a dangerous man to the public welfare, and consequently to any party. But if we had merely opposed him as Republicans within the party, as it is called, and, when he had proved his power, had gone to a convention which he owned, and had opened it as chairman of the party committee, and, without a word of protest or denunciation of him and his schemes, had furthered his designs by our presence and speech, we should have considered Mr. TILDEN entirely justified had he said that we wore BUTLER'S collar. For, as we said, TWEED was an exceptional public enemy, and none but the intensest partisan could have supposed that the success of a party of which he was the powerful manager could have been a public benefit.

We agree with Mr. TILDEN that in this country government must be carried on by parties, and that many compromises are indispensable within the party, and the surrender of many private and personal preferences for the general benefit. But every good citizen, it seems to us, acknowledges a limit to this party fidelity, as so many Republicans have thought and proved in the late election. There may be a doubt as to the precise point at which this breaking with party properly begins. But there can be little question that the point had been reached for all but the most thorough Democratic partisans long before TWEED'S convention of 1870. Had we believed BUTLER to be in any degree as powerful in the Republican party of the United States, or of his own State, as TWEED was in the Democracy of New York, or that, having such power, he used it to such ends, we should be justly reproved for having sustained the party. But we have never ceased to expose BUTLER, and to warn the party and the country against him, and to exhort every Republican to scratch and bolt and defeat every regular party nomination that he knew, as every body knew BUTLER'S, to be unfit.

When the great assault upon the Ring began—but not under Mr. TILDEN'S leadership—when men of all parties came forward to rescue good government and civil society itself, Mr. TILDEN was among the first volunteers, and did the most efficient public service and the best act of his life. He did what he had long been wishing to do. For his conduct at that time and his pertinacious and sagacious prosecution of the work to the end we, in common with all honorable citizens, were and are profoundly grateful. And there is no greater folly than the supposition that his party would now ask, or he, as Governor, grant, a pardon to the most powerful enemy of republican institutions that has ever appeared in the United States. Our sole criticism is that Mr. TILDEN'S action as a partisan continued too long, and that the fact illustrates how readily so honest a man may be sophisticated by party spirit.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

AMONG the good results of the election was the defeat of MOSES in South Carolina. He is the present Governor, and being baffled in his effort to be renominated, has now been rejected for the Legislature. The nomination of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN for Governor seemed to us very unfortunate, but he has been elected, under the most stringent promises of reform, and, it must be added, with the profound conviction on the part of many intelligent and honest men in and out of the State that he is a much-maligned man, who will honestly undertake one of the most difficult political tasks in the world, that of reform in South Carolina. That the situation of the State and the necessity of a sincere and thorough change in the government are not misunderstood by his friends is shown by such words as these, which we quote from the *Daily Union-Herald*, a Republican journal which supported CHAMBERLAIN. After showing that South Carolina has been always "the stormy petrel in American politics," the *Herald* proceeds:

> "But again, in 1872, South Carolina came to the front of the States, not crazed with disloyalty nor gleaming with hostile bayonets, but in exhibition of such political waste and extravagance as has not often been known in the history of self-government. With a strange fatality, the people elected for Governor a man under whose administration our State once more became the object of national indignation. From one end of the continent to the other her name was exaggerated into the by-word and reproach of the nation, and was wielded as a terrible weapon against the life and integrity of the splendid organization that directed the authority of the republic. The American press thundered against her, the cold and passionless President grew angry when he spoke of her, and the national Republican party staggered under the load. It was a matter of choice and a matter of necessity that reform should redeem and purify our State. We had not a moment to lose. We have not a moment to lose now. Every where the opposition has pointed and poisoned its argument with the misgovernment of South Carolina, and every where the echo of Democratic victories threatens our political existence. It is not unlikely that a Democratic majority will control the Lower House of Congress, and hold the appropriations necessary to run the government as a hostage for our good behavior. *If we do not in the next two years turn the argument of this State completely against the opposition, if we do not make this State an honor and an ornament to the Republican party, then we shall be cast out as a leper, and our republican institutions will be reckoned no more among the rights and liberties of our people.* But we have elected a man whose ability is the peer of any in the State, whose character is beyond the malignity of his enemies, whose genius is ready and willing to bear the tremendous responsibilities of the situation. We have offered him no bed of roses. We have trusted him with the fate of the Republican party in this State. His election is a matter that concerns a great national organization, and we shall watch with constant anxiety, and yet with unwavering confidence, every movement he shall make when, rising to the full height of his manhood, he steadies his strong hand upon the broken helm of our State in the most critical period of our political existence."

We commend these words to those who, with us, have thought the nomination of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN unwise, and ask them to give him and his administration a fair trial. There will be a strong opposition minority in the Legislature. But the conduct of the new government in the State will be as closely watched and sharply criticised by Republicans every where as by the local opposition. One of those who, in full sympathy with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, has had opportunities of knowing the situation in the State, and of measuring the great difficulties of the work to be done, says: "Did you ever see a thorough-bred, harnessed to an immense load half sunk in mud and mire, both hindered and helped by all sorts of animals, clean and unclean, some of whom he must tread upon and drag the wheels over in order to get his load upon firm land? Did you ever see such an animal straining every muscle, and not wish him success—not wish to see him bring up his burden to level ground and pure air, triumphant over all obstacles?" If this describes truly the position and hope of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN—and to nothing less than this will he be held by Republicans—he may count not only upon Republican sympathy, but upon that of his honest opponents who supported Judge GREEN.

MR. WILSON'S HISTORY OF THE SLAVE POWER.

Two volumes of Vice-President WILSON'S *Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America* have been published, and the third and last volume will appear next year. It is, we believe, a "subscription" book, and may not, therefore, fall under the eyes of many of our readers; but there are few American historical books that merit a more universal perusal. It is a complete cyclopedia of its subject, prepared with conscientious care and research, and written with simplicity and force. It has this farther value, that its author was a witness and actor in much of the most exciting and important portion of his story, which has thus a vivid freshness that it must otherwise have wanted. Mr. WILSON'S work begins with the planting of slavery in this country, and follows its course with singular and satisfactory minuteness step by step. The legislation of every kind, with the debates upon the slave taxes and fugitive laws and the slave-trade; the movements of protest and of emancipation; negotiations and relations with foreign powers growing out of the subject; the Indian policy, as entangled with slavery; the compromises and the great Missouri contest; every form of antislavery society and of colonization; the story of colored schools, and the bitter hostility to freedom; the Florida war and all the famous "cases," the *Prigg*, the *Creole*, the *Amistad*, the *Pearl*, and the *Garner*; the Liberty party and the Texas plot; the Wilmot Proviso and the Mexican War; the black laws; the Free-soil movement, with all its details, its conventions, and combinations; the Kansas iniquity; the plots against Cuba; the DRED SCOTT decision; JOHN BROWN, and the designs of JEFFERSON DAVIS, MASON, TOOMBS, and their fellow-conspirators; the uprising of the people, and the election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The next volume will treat of the war and of emancipation.

It is essentially a political history, for the aggressions of slavery were made and resisted under the forms of law, except by the Abolitionists; and it is an amazing and incredible story. That for fifty years the central point around which our politics moved should have been human slavery is one of the most humiliating facts that an American can consider. It destroyed the Whig party. And that the party organization by whose servility the successes of slavery were gained should now have recovered power in so many States, and under so many of the leaders who served their party while it served slavery, is a fact full of significance. The next Senator from New York is very likely to be HORATIO SEYMOUR, who was educated to palliate and defend the encroachments of slavery upon freedom in this country, and who, when slavery undertook the overthrow of the government, asked whether "successful coercion by the North is less revolutionary than successful secession by the South," while Mr. JAMES S. THAYER, another leading Democrat, following Mr. SEYMOUR, said that if Mr. LINCOLN'S administration should try to coerce the Southern States, "we will" make "those who would inaugurate a reign of terror the first victims of a national guillotine."

These are the natural sentiments and appeals of those who, educated under the great contest between Liberty and Slavery which Mr. WILSON describes, threw themselves against humanity, justice, and all the noblest instincts and monitions of the conscience and the heart. No man of intelligence and ability like Mr. SEYMOUR can accustom himself through a long political career to the debasing sophistries and mean quibbles upon which slavery relied without necessarily becoming untrue to the highest humane and American principle. Appealing always with studied moderation to the vilest passions and the worst prejudices of the ignorant, as every advocate of the domination of slavery was compelled to do, Mr. SEYMOUR is no more capable of representing the intelligent, liberty-loving convictions and purposes of New York than PAUL CASSAGNAC, the thick-and-thin apologist of LOUIS NAPOLEON, could have properly represented the republic of LABOULAYE. No man who gave the prime of his life and the fullness of his powers to the task of perpetuating human slavery in America can be a true American statesman. "The test of the health of a people," says a wise observer, "is to be found in the utterances of those who are its spokesmen, and in the action of those whom it accepts or chooses to be its chiefs." This is a truth to be borne in mind by every student of Mr. WILSON'S most interesting and instructive history. It is the political memoir of the last generation. In reading it it is clear how the election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN showed the surviving fidelity of the American people to the great principles from which our government sprang, for he was true to them every one, and gave his life for them. It is equally clear why the success of a party of which HORATIO SEYMOUR is still a leader, and by whom he will probably be placed in the Senate, is, should the elections prove to show a preference of Democratic rule, an indication of moral reaction. Mr. WILSON'S work is indispensable to every one who would truly understand the political history of the country, and who would justly measure the significance and probable result of Democratic ascendency for another generation.

PERSONAL.

THE New York *Times* alludes to the fact that "the grave of THOMAS PAINE, near New Rochelle, which remained *so long undisturbed*, has been entirely obliterated by Mr. LESTER, upon whose farm it was." And the New York *Herald*, also alluding to it, says, "In clearing up his farm Mr LESTER cut away the underbrush, removed the loose stones, and leveled the ground, leaving no mark to indicate the *immediate presence of human dust.*" Well, probably not, especially when we recall the fact that fifty-five years ago (in 1819) the famous WILLIAM COBBETT violated the grave, and took PAINE'S bones back to England, and put them in the hands of a committee for the purpose of honoring them with a public funeral. That funeral never took place. After COBBETT'S death the box containing the bones was knocked about from one place to another, until finally (in 1849) they came into the possession of one CHENNELL, a corn merchant, in Surrey. COBBETT thought to gain a little *éclat* by taking over the bones, but England laughed at him. In his later years PAINE was a very unclean drunkard, a very dissolute man, and so bad in every way that he died utterly detested. One of the most biting epigrams Lord BYRON ever wrote was this upon PAINE and COBBETT:

"In digging up your bones, TOM PAINE,
WILL COBBETT has done well:
You visit him on earth again;
He'll visit you in hell."

—Mr. NAST made such a hit with his lectures last season that we are not surprised to learn that he is again in great request; but we are authorized to say that he will not lecture during the coming season, and that he will make no exception whatever to this determination. It would be a waste of time to apply to him on the subject, and the large audiences that were last season delighted by his mirth-provoking powers of caricature must be resigned to the disappointment this notice will create.

—We are pleased to learn that the valuable outlines of lectures delivered by Professor W. E. PETERS, LL.D., to the senior Latin class at the University of Virginia are soon to be published under the able supervision of W. GORDON M'CABE, Esq., one of the most thorough and accomplished scholars of the South, and well known as a teacher of wide experience.

—Mr. BOUCICAULT'S name is so constantly before the public as the author of the most successful dramas of the time that we have taken the pains to ascertain as accurately as possible the number of plays he has written, and the number of times each has been performed. Mr. BOUCICAULT has written over *four hundred* plays. The names of the most successful are as follows, and to each is appended the number of times it has been performed: *The Colleen Bawn*, 3100 times; *Arrah-na-Pogue*, 2400; *London Assurance*, 2900; *Rip Van Winkle*, 1400; *Old Heads and Young Hearts*, 1250; *The Octoroon*, 1800; *Formosa*, 1100; *Jessie Brown*, 820; *The Corsican Brothers*, 2200; *Don Cesar de Bazan*, 1700; *Used Up*, 1350; *The Willow Copse*, 1110; *The Streets of New York*, 2860; *Led Astray*, 498. These are the leading ones. Others have had a run of from 100 to 1000 nights each. The total number of all the performances must have been nearly 50,000. Assuming that the receipts to each performance averaged $500, the money paid by the public to witness these works would amount to *twenty-five millions of dollars*. The profits of *London Assurance* when first produced at Covent Garden Theatre, as appears from the records of the management, were $120,000. The profits of *The Colleen Bawn* were $200,000 in one year; the profits of *Arrah-na-Pogue*, $180,000. The gross receipts of *Led Astray* last year at the Union Square Theatre amounted to $154,000, of which $80,000 were profit. On these four pieces the theatres cleared upward of $600,000.

—Viscount EBRINGTON, we perceive by an English paper, has been giving a lecture at Barnstaple descriptive of his tour in the United States with the Hon. DUDLEY FORTESCUE. The viscount is only twenty years of age, but gives signs of ability. He is pained to think that our system of government is quite a mistake, and that "none but the scum of society take an interest in politics."

—Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, who was ninety years old on the 24th of October, is to be honored by the Hebrews of London, who propose to erect a university in that city and give it his name. It is to cost $750,000. Sir MOSES was sheriff of London thirty-seven years ago. In 1840 he went on a mission to the East to secure certain rights for his brethren at Damascus, and was successful. In 1864 he went on a similar errand to Morocco, and in 1867 was again successful in a similar mission to Roumania. In 1867 he founded a Jewish college at Ramsgate in memory of his wife, JUDITH, Lady MONTEFIORE.

—JOHN SANDERS, who died at North Sydney, Nova Scotia, on the 26th ult., is believed to have been the last survivor of the crew of the *Shannon* when she captured the *Chesapeake*. That was on the 1st of June, 1813, and the action lasted only eleven minutes.

—Hon. CHESTER W. CHAPIN, just elected to Congress from Massachusetts, is seventy-six years of age, and now makes his début in politics. For a quarter of a century past he has been one of the railway magnates of the country, especially that fraction of it denominated New England.

—The musicians are coming in. The Austrian Emperor has conferred the honor of Commander of the Order of Francis-Joseph upon Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, who has had similar distinction from other potentates who have been soothed by his music.

—Newspaper men abroad are stepping to the front. The Spanish embassadors at Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Lisbon, and Washington have all been journalists; and CASTELAR, who has recently been so prominent a figure in the Spanish government, has been a frequent contributor to *Harper's Magazine*.

—General "Baldy" SMITH is translating, with the approval of the Comte de Paris, his *Histoire de la Guerre Civile en Amérique*.

—In the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* is the following pithy sentence in reference to the two prominent characters of England: "If Mr. GLADSTONE had leaned more on his Whigs and less on his Radicals, he would be Prime Minister still; if Mr. DISRAELI leans more on his Moderates and less on his Tories, he will maintain his position."

—It is in the order of nature that old men pass away and new men come in. Very many new men have come prominently before the public by the last general election. Among them is WILLIAM GASTON, Governor elect of Massachusetts. He is one of the leaders of the Suffolk bar, and greatly esteemed in private life. Governor HARDIN, just elected in Missouri, is an effective speaker, and is said to be a fine type of the Western man. JOHN P. COCHRAN, Governor elect of Delaware, is the largest farmer in the State, and had little opposition. He cultivates 60,000 peach-trees, and fine stock. L. R. BRADLEY, Governor elect of Nevada, is half lawyer, half banker. Governor BAGLEY, of Michigan, is a lawyer and farmer, a stanch friend of education, one of the wittiest speakers in the State, and a man universally respected. Judge BEDLE, Governor elect of New Jersey, has been for nine years a judge of the Superior Court, and is a gentleman of culture and ability, and is highly esteemed.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OFFICIAL returns of the vote on the second and third amendments of the New York State Constitution have been received from thirty-four counties. These amendments relate respectively to the powers of the Legislature and the prohibition of special legislation. Out of a total vote of 224,524, the second amendment has received a majority of 73,846 in these counties. The total vote for the third amendment is 208,425, and the majority for it 111,691.

Postmaster-General Jewell denies that he has any intention of recommending to Congress a higher rate of postage. On the contrary, he is in favor of a reduction of rates when possible.

Daniel O'Mara, and Irving his hired man, the murderers of the mother and sister of the former, were hanged at Montrose, Pennsylvania, November 12.

The third annual convention of the American Public Health Association was held in Philadelphia, beginning November 10. Dr. Stephen Smith, of this city, presided, and many other eminent physicians were present. The session was the most satisfactory yet held by the association.

Hon. John W. Head, Democratic Congressman elect from the Fourth District of Tennessee, died November 9.—Mr. Daniel N. Haskell, for more than twenty-one years editor of the Boston *Transcript*, died November 13, aged fifty-six years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Carlists, under the lead of Don Carlos himself, have been defeated before Irun, and compelled to raise the siege of that town. The government troops are pursuing the insurgents, and burning all the houses of Carlist sympathizers on the way. More than three hundred have been destroyed. During the retreat between fifty and sixty men of the Biscay battalion were frozen to death in the snow. The friends of Don Carlos in Paris declare that his cause is utterly ruined and his situation hopeless.

Khiva is in a condition of complete anarchy. The Khan has summoned his council, which declares that the aid of Russia is indispensable for the maintenance of order.

Snow fell in the lower counties of England November 11, and very cold weather followed.

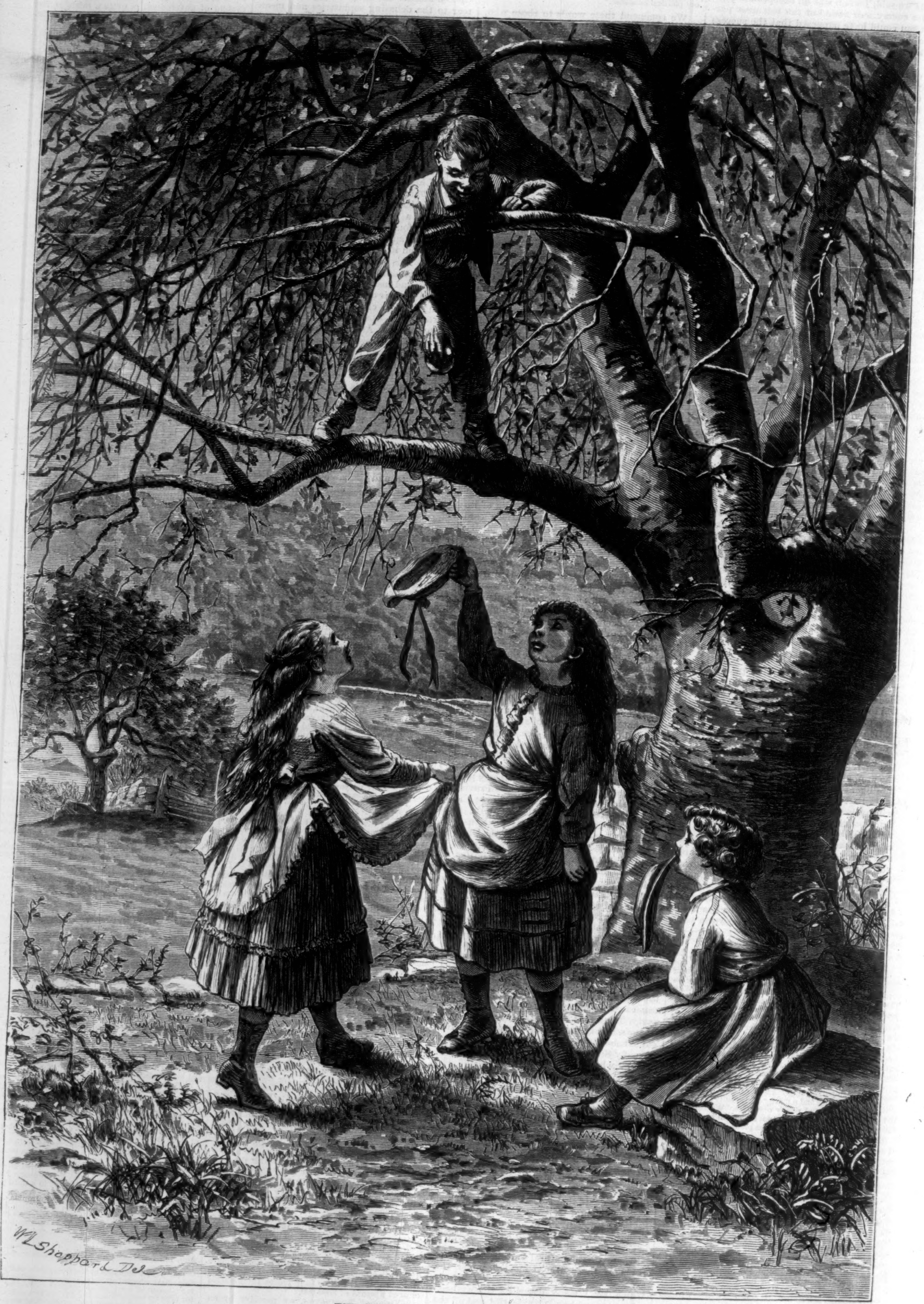
The Ontario Parliament was opened November 12 by Lieutenant-Governor Crawford.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says Prussia has declined the proposal made by Russia for a revision of the boundary line between the two countries.

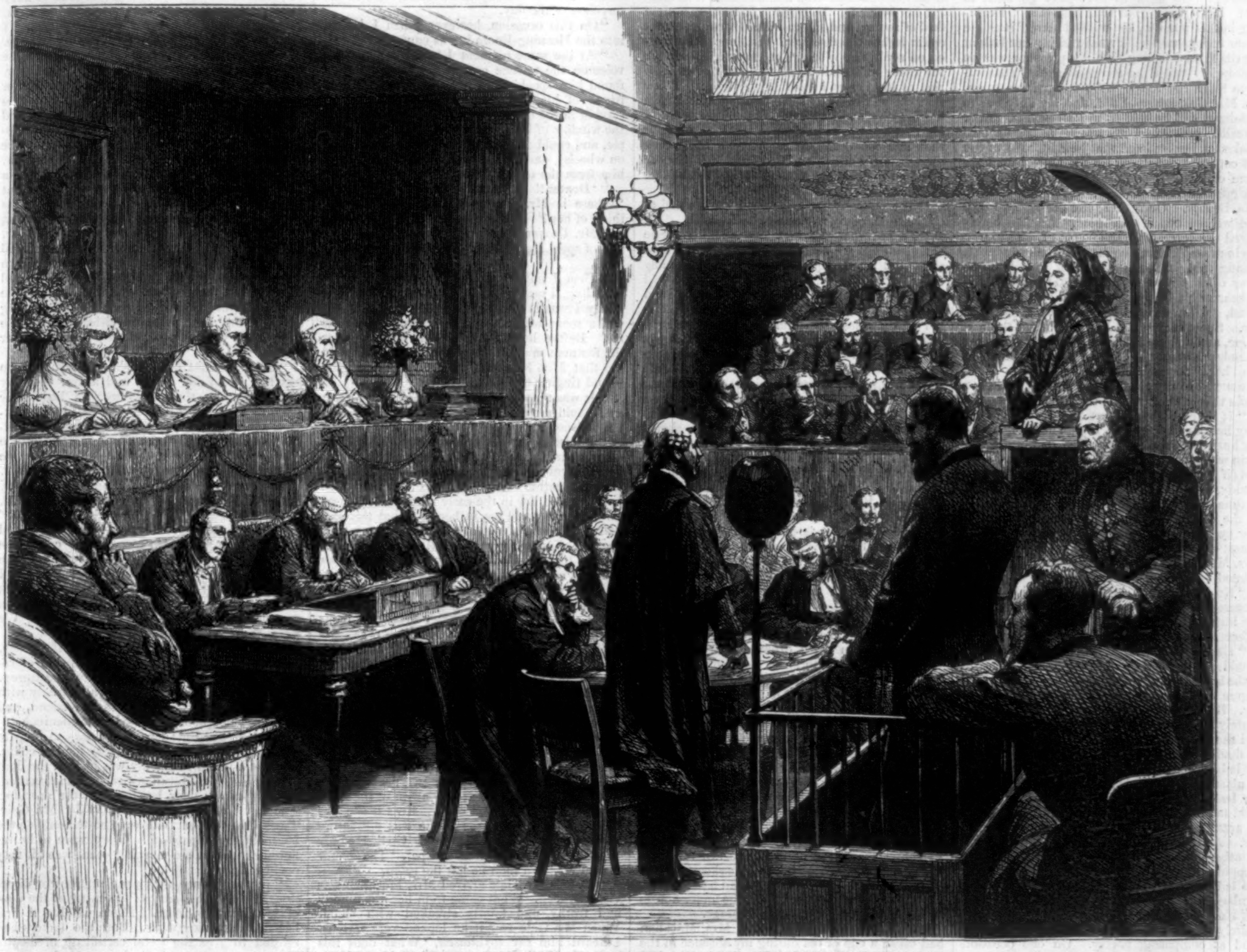
The Count von Arnim was again arrested November 12, and taken to prison. He is now charged with communicating important documents to a third party while in the hospital.

Another Roman Catholic bishop is in trouble. The Prussian court recently fined the Archbishop of Olmütz, Austria, for illegally appointing priests in the Prussian part of his diocese. The Austrian government refused to surrender the archbishop on the demand of the Prussian authorities for his extradition. The court has accordingly issued a warrant against him, and confiscated all his estates and revenues in Prussia.

Thirty-three members of the Council-General of the Seine have adopted a resolution recommending the establishment of a system of gratuitous secular schools for primary instruction in the city of Paris, attendance upon which shall be made obligatory. The resolution has been presented in the French Assembly.


W L Sheppard Del.

THE LAST APPLE.—[SEE PAGE 975.]



"THE APPEARANCE OF THE NEXT WITNESS CREATED A MARKED SENSATION IN THE COURT."

[This Story was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE MOONSTONE," ETC.

Part II.—Paradise Regained.

CHAPTER XV.

THE STORY OF THE TRIAL.

THE PRELIMINARIES.

LET me confess another weakness, on my part, before I begin the Story of the Trial. I can not prevail upon myself to copy, for the second time, the horrible title-page which holds up to public ignominy my husband's name. I have copied it once in my tenth chapter. Let once be enough.

Turning to the second page of the Trial, I found a Note, assuring the reader of the absolute correctness of the Report of the Proceedings. The compiler described himself as having enjoyed certain special privileges. Thus, the presiding Judge had himself revised his charge to the Jury. And, again, the chief lawyers for the prosecution and the defense, following the Judge's example, had revised their speeches for and against the prisoner. Lastly, particular care had been taken to secure a literally correct report of the evidence given by the various witnesses. It was some relief to me to discover this Note, and to be satisfied at the outset that the Story of the Trial was, in every particular, fully and truly told.

The next page interested me more nearly still. It enumerated the actors in the Judicial Drama—the men who held in their hands my husband's honor and my husband's life. Here is the List:

THE LORD JUSTICE CLERK, LORD DRUMFENNICK, LORD NOBLEKIRK,	Judges on the Bench.
THE LORD ADVOCATE (Mintlaw), DONALD DREW, Esquire (Advocate-Depute),	Counsel for the Crown.
MR. JAMES ARLISS, W.S.,	Agent for the Crown.
THE DEAN OF FACULTY, (Farmichael), ALEXANDER CROCKET, Esquire (Advocate),	Counsel for the Panel (otherwise the Prisoner.)
MR. THORNIEBANK, W.S., MR. PLAYMORE, W.S.,	Agents for the Panel.

The Indictment against the prisoner then followed. I shall not copy the uncouth language, full of needless repetitions (and, if I know any thing of the subject, not guiltless of bad grammar as well), in which my innocent husband was solemnly and falsely accused of poisoning his first wife. The less there is of that false and hateful Indictment on this page, the better and the truer the page will look, to *my* eyes.

To be brief, then, Eustace Macallan was "indicted and accused, at the instance of David Mintlaw, Esquire, Her Majesty's Advocate, for Her Majesty's interest," of the Murder of his Wife by poison, at his residence called Gleninch, in the county of Mid-Lothian. The poison was alleged to have been wickedly and feloniously given by the prisoner to his wife Sara, on two occasions, in the form of arsenic, administered in tea, medicine, "or other article or articles of food or drink, to the prosecutor unknown, or in some other manner to the prosecutor unknown." It was further declared that the prisoner's wife had died of the poison thus administered by her husband, on one or other, or both, of the stated occasions; and that she was thus murdered by her husband. The next paragraph asserted that the said Eustace Macallan, taken before John Daviot, Esquire, advocate, Sheriff-Substitute of Mid-Lothian, did in his presence at Edinburgh (on a given date, viz., the 29th of October), subscribe a Declaration stating his innocence of the alleged crime: this Declaration being reserved in the Indictment—together with certain Documents, papers, and articles, enumerated in an Inventory—to be used in evidence against the prisoner. The Indictment concluded by declaring that, in the event of the offense charged against the prisoner being found proven by the Verdict, he, the said Eustace Macallan, "ought to be punished with the pains of the law, to deter others from committing like crimes in all time coming."

So much for the Indictment! I have done with it—and I am rejoiced to be done with it.

An Inventory of papers, documents, and articles followed at great length on the next three pages. This, in its turn, was succeeded by the list of the witnesses, and by the names of the jurors (fifteen in number) balloted for to try the case. And then, at last, the Report of the Trial began. It resolved itself, to my mind, into three great Questions. As it appeared to me at the time, so let me present it here.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIRST QUESTION—DID THE WOMAN DIE POISONED?

THE proceedings began at ten o'clock. The prisoner was placed at the Bar, before the High Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh. He bowed respectfully to the Bench, and pleaded Not Guilty, in a low voice.

It was observed by every one present that the prisoner's face betrayed traces of acute mental suffering. He was deadly pale. His eyes never once wandered to the crowd in the Court. When certain witnesses appeared against him, he looked at them with a momentary attention. At other times he kept his eyes on the ground. When the evidence touched on his wife's illness and death, he was deeply affected, and covered his face with his hands. It was a subject of general remark and general surprise, that the prisoner, in this case (although a man), showed far less self-possession than the last prisoner tried in that Court for murder—a woman, who had been convicted on overwhelming evidence. There were persons present (a small minority only) who considered this want of composure on the part of the prisoner to be a sign in his favor. Self-possession, in his dreadful position, signified, to their minds, the stark insensibility of a heartless and shameless criminal, and afforded in itself a presumption, not of innocence, but of guilt.

The first witness called was John Daviot, Esquire, Sheriff-Substitute of Mid-Lothan. He was examined by the Lord Advocate (as counsel for the prosecution); and said:

"The prisoner was brought before me on the present charge. He made and subscribed a Declaration on the 29th of October. It was freely and voluntarily made, the prisoner having been first duly warned and admonished."

Having identified the Declaration, the Sheriff-Substitute—being cross-examined by the Dean of Faculty (as counsel for the defense)—continued his evidence in these words:

"The charge against the prisoner was Murder. This was communicated to him before he made the Declaration. The questions addressed to the prisoner were put partly by me, partly by another officer, the procurator-fiscal. The answers were given distinctly, and, so far as I could judge, without reserve. The statements put forward in the Declaration were all made in answer to questions asked by the procurator-fiscal or by myself."

A clerk in the Sheriff-Clerk's office then officially produced the Declaration, and corroborated the evidence of the witness who had preceded him.

The appearance of the next witness created a marked sensation in the Court. This was no less a person than the nurse who had attended Mrs. Macallan in her last illness—by name Christina Ormsay.

After the first formal answers the nurse (examined by the Lord Advocate) proceeded to say:

"I was first sent for to attend the deceased lady on the 7th of October. She was then suffering from a severe cold, accompanied by a rheumatic affection of the left knee-joint. Previous to this I understood that her health had been fairly good. She was not a very difficult person to nurse when you got used to her, and understood how to manage her. The main difficulty was caused by her temper. She was not a sullen person; she was headstrong and violent—easily excited to fly into a passion, and quite reckless in her fits of anger as to what she said or did. At such times I really hardly think she knew what she was about. My own idea is that her temper was made still more irritable by unhappiness in her married life. She was far from being a reserved person. Indeed, she was disposed (as I thought) to be a little too communicative about herself and her troubles with persons like me who were beneath her in station. She did not scruple, for instance, to tell me (when we had been long enough together to get used to each other) that she was very unhappy, and fretted a good deal about her husband. One night, when she was wakeful and restless, she said to me—"

The Dean of Faculty here interposed, speaking on the prisoner's behalf. He appealed to the Judges to say whether such loose and unreliable evidence as this was evidence which could be received by the Court.

The Lord Advocate (speaking on behalf of the Crown) claimed it as his right to produce the evidence. It was of the utmost importance in this case to show (on the testimony of an unprejudiced witness) on what terms the husband and wife were living. The witness was a most respectable woman. She had won, and deserved, the confidence of the unhappy lady whom she attended on her death-bed.

After briefly consulting together the Judges unanimously decided that the evidence could not be admitted. What the witness had herself seen and observed of the relations between the husband and wife was the only evidence that they could receive.

The Lord Advocate thereupon continued his examination of the witness. Christina Ormsay resumed her evidence as follows:

"My position as nurse led necessarily to my seeing more of Mrs. Macallan than any other person in the house. I am able to speak from experience of many things not known to others who were only in her room at intervals.

"For instance, I had more than one opportunity of personally observing that Mr. and Mrs. Macallan did not live together very happily. I can give you an example of this, not drawn from what others told me, but from what I noticed for myself.

"Toward the latter part of my attendance on Mrs. Macallan a young widow lady named Mrs. Beauly—a cousin of Mr. Macallan's—came to stay at Gleninch. Mrs. Macallan was jealous of this lady; and she showed it in my presence only the day before her death, when Mr. Macallan came into her room to inquire how she had passed the night. 'Oh,' she said, 'never mind how *I* have slept! What do you care whether I sleep well or ill? How has Mrs. Beauly passed the night? Is she more beautiful than ever this morning? Go back to her—pray go back to her! Don't waste your time with me!' Beginning in that manner, she worked herself into one of her furious rages. I was brushing her hair at the time; and feeling that my presence was an impropriety under the circumstances, I attempted to leave the room. She forbade me to go. Mr. Macallan felt, as I did, that my duty was to withdraw, and he said so in plain words. Mrs. Macallan insisted on my staying in language so insolent to her husband that he said, 'If you can not control yourself, either the nurse leaves the room or I do.' She refused to yield even then. 'A good excuse,' she said, 'for getting back to Mrs. Beauly. Go!' He took her at her word, and walked out of the room. He had barely closed the door before she began reviling him to me in the most shocking manner. She declared, among other things she said of him, that the news of all others which he would be most glad to hear would be the news of her death. I ventured, quite respectfully, on remonstrating with her. She took up the hair-brush and threw it at me, and then and there dismissed me from my attendance on her. I left her, and waited below until her fit of passion had worn itself out. Then I returned to my place at the bedside, and for a while things went on again as usual.

"It may not be amiss to add a word which may help to explain Mrs. Macallan's jealousy of her husband's cousin. Mrs. Macallan was a very plain woman. She had a cast in one of her eyes, and (if I may use the expression) one of the most muddy, blotchy complexions it was ever my misfortune to see in a person's face. Mrs. Beauly, on the other hand, was a most attractive lady. Her eyes were universally admired, and she had a most beautifully clear and delicate color. Poor Mrs. Macallan said of her, most untruly, that she painted.

"No; the defects in the complexion of the deceased lady were not in any way attributable to her illness. I should call them born and bred defects in herself.

"Her illness, if I am asked to describe it, I should say was troublesome—nothing more. Until the last day there were no symptoms in the least degree serious about the malady that had taken her. Her rheumatic knee was painful of course, acutely painful if you like, when she moved it; and the confinement to bed was irksome enough no doubt. But otherwise there was nothing in the lady's condition, before the fatal attack came, to alarm her or any body about her. She had her books and her writing materials on an invalid table, which worked on a pivot, and could be arranged in any position most agreeable to her. At times she read and wrote a great deal. At other times she lay quiet, thinking her own thoughts, or talking with me and with one or two lady friends in the neighborhood who came regularly to see her.

"Her writing, so far as I knew, was almost entirely of the poetical sort. She was a great hand at composing poetry. On one occasion only she showed me some of her poems. I am no judge of such things. Her poetry was of the dismal kind, despairing about herself, and wondering why she had ever been born, and nonsense like that. Her husband came in more than once for some hard hits at his cruel heart and his ignorance of his wife's merits. In short, she vented her discontent with her pen as well as with her tongue. There were times—and pretty often too—when an angel from heaven would have failed to have satisfied Mrs. Macallan.

"Throughout the period of her illness the deceased lady occupied the same room—a large bedroom situated (like all the best bedrooms) on the first floor of the house.

"Yes: the plan of the room now shown to me is quite accurately taken, according to my remembrance of it. One door led into the great passage, or corridor, on which all the doors opened. A second door, at one side (marked B on the plan), led into Mr. Macallan's sleeping-room. A third door, on the opposite side (marked C on the plan), communicated with a little study, or book-room, used, as I was told, by Mr. Macallan's mother when she was staying at Gleninch, but seldom or never entered by any one else. Mr. Macallan's mother was not at Gleninch while I was there. The door between the bedroom and this study was locked, and the key was taken out. I don't know who had the key, or whether there were more keys than one in existence. The door was never opened to my knowledge. I only got into the study, to look at it along with the housekeeper, by entering through a second door that opened on to the corridor.

"I beg to say that I can speak from my own knowledge positively about Mrs. Macallan's illness, and about the sudden change which ended in her death. By the doctor's advice I made notes at the time of dates and hours and such like. I looked at my notes before coming here.

"From the 7th of October, when I was first called in to nurse her, to the 20th of the same month she slowly but steadily improved in health. Her knee was still painful, no doubt; but the inflammatory look of it was disappearing. As to the other symptoms, except weakness from lying in bed, and irritability of temper, there was really nothing the matter with her. She slept badly, I ought perhaps to add. But we remedied this by means of composing draughts, prescribed for that purpose by the doctor.

"On the morning of the 21st, at a few minutes past six, I got my first alarm that something was going wrong with Mrs. Macallan.

"I was woke at the time I have mentioned by the ringing of the hand-bell which she kept on her bed-table. Let me say for myself that I had only fallen asleep on the sofa in the bedroom at past two in the morning from sheer fatigue. Mrs. Macallan was then awake. She was in one of her bad humors with me. I had tried to prevail on her to let me remove her dressing-case from her bed-table after she had used it in making her toilet for the night. It took up a great deal of room; and she could not possibly want it again before the morning. But no; she insisted on my letting it be. There was a glass inside the case; and, plain as she was, she never wearied of looking at herself in that glass. I saw that she was in a bad state of temper, so I gave her her way, and let the dressing-case be. Finding that she was too sullen to speak to me after that, and too obstinate to take her composing draught from me when I offered it, I laid me down on the sofa at her bed foot, and fell asleep, as I have said.

"The moment her bell rang I was up and at the bedside, ready to make myself useful.

"I asked what was the matter with her. She complained of faintness and depression, and said she felt sick. I inquired if she had taken any thing in the way of physic or food while I had been asleep. She answered that her husband had come in about an hour since, and, finding her still sleepless, had himself administered the composing draught. Mr. Macallan (sleeping in the next room) joined us while she was speaking. He too had been aroused by the bell. He heard what Mrs. Macallan said to me about the composing draught, and made no remark upon it. It seemed to me that he was alarmed at his wife's faintness. I suggested that she should take a little wine, or brandy and water. She answered that she could swallow nothing so strong as wine or brandy, having a burning pain in her stomach already. I put my hand on her stomach—quite lightly. She screamed when I touched her.

"This symptom alarmed us. We sent to the village for the medical man who had attended Mrs. Macallan during her illness: one Mr. Gale.

"The doctor seemed no better able to account for the change for the worse in his patient than we were. Hearing her complain of thirst, he gave her some milk. Not long after taking it she was sick. The sickness appeared to relieve her. She soon grew drowsy and slumbered. Mr. Gale left us, with strict injunctions to send for him instantly if she was taken ill again.

"Nothing of the sort happened; no change took place for the next three hours or more. She roused up toward half past nine and inquired about her husband. I informed her that he had returned to his own room, and asked if I should send for him. She said, 'No.' I asked next if she would like any thing to eat or drink. She said, 'No,' again, in rather a vacant, stupefied way, and then told me to go down stairs and get my breakfast. On my way down I met the housekeeper. She invited me to breakfast with her in her room instead of in the servants' hall as usual. I remained with the housekeeper but a short time: certainly not more than half an hour.

"Going up stairs again, I met the under housemaid sweeping on one of the landings.

"The girl informed me that Mrs. Macallan had taken a cup of tea during my absence in the housekeeper's room. Mr. Macallan's valet had ordered the tea for his mistress by his master's directions. The under house-maid made it and took it up stairs herself to Mrs. Macallan's room. Her master, she said, opened the door when she knocked, and took the tea-cup from her with his own hand. He opened the door widely enough for her to see into the bedroom, and to notice that nobody was with Mrs. Macallan but himself.

"After a little talk with the under house-maid, I returned to the bedroom. No one was there. Mrs. Macallan was lying perfectly quiet with her face turned away from me on the pillow. Approaching the bedside, I kicked against something on the floor. It was a broken tea-cup. I said to Mrs. Macallan, 'How comes the tea-cup to be broken, ma'am?' She answered, without turning toward me, in an odd, muffled kind of voice, 'I dropped it.' 'Before you drank your tea, ma'am?' I asked. 'No,' she said; 'in handing the cup back to Mr. Macallan after I had done.' I had put my question, wishing to know, in case she had spilled the tea when she dropped the cup, whether it would be necessary to get her any more. I am quite sure I remember correctly my question and her answer. I inquired next if she had been long alone. She said, shortly, 'Yes; I have been trying to sleep.' I said, 'Do you feel pretty comfortable?' She answered, 'Yes,' again. All this time she still kept her face sulkily turned from me toward the wall. Stooping over her to arrange the bedclothes, I looked toward her table. The writing materials which were always kept on it were disturbed, and there was wet ink on one of the pens. I said, 'Surely you haven't been writing, ma'am?' 'Why not?' she said; 'I couldn't sleep.' 'Another poem?' I asked. She laughed to herself—a bitter, short laugh. 'Yes,' she said, 'another poem.' 'That's good,' I said; 'it looks as if you were getting quite like yourself again. We sha'n't want the doctor any more to-day.' She made no answer to this, except an impatient sign with her hand. I didn't understand the sign. Upon that she spoke again, and crossly enough, too. 'I want to be alone; leave me.'

"I had no choice but to do as I was told. To the best of my observation, there was nothing the matter with her, and nothing for the nurse to do. I put the bell-rope within reach of her hand, and I went down stairs again.

"Half an hour more, as well as I can guess it, passed. I kept within hearing of the bell; but it never rang. I was not quite at my ease—without exactly knowing why. That odd muffled voice in which she had spoken to me hung on my mind, as it were. I was not quite satisfied about leaving her alone for too long a time together—and then, again, I was unwilling to risk throwing her into one of her fits of passion by going back before she rang for me. It ended in my venturing into the room on the ground-floor, called the Morning-Room, to consult Mr. Macallan. He was usually to be found there in the forenoon of the day.

"On this occasion, however, when I looked into the Morning-Room it was empty.

"At the same moment I heard the master's voice on the terrace outside. I went out, and found him speaking to one Mr. Dexter, an old friend of his, and (like Mrs. Beauly) a guest staying in the house. Mr. Dexter was sitting at the window of his room up stairs (he was a cripple, and could only move himself about in a chair on wheels), and Mr. Macallan was speaking to him from the terrace below.

"'Dexter!' I heard M[illegible] Macallan say. 'Where is Mrs. Beauly? [illegible]ave you seen any thing of her?'

"Mr. Dexter answered, in his quick, off-hand way of speaking, 'Not I. I know nothing about her.'

"Then I advanced, and, begging pardon for intruding, I mentioned to Mr. Macallan the difficulty I was in about going back or not to his wife's room without waiting until she rang for me. Before he could advise me in the matter the footman made his appearance and informed me that Mrs. Macallan's bell was then ringing—and ringing violently.

"It was then close on eleven o'clock. As fast as I could mount the stairs I hastened back to the bedroom.

"Before I opened the door I heard Mrs. Macallan groaning. She was in dreadful pain; feeling a burning heat in the stomach and in the throat, together with the same sickness which had troubled her in the early morning. Though no doctor, I could see in her face that this second attack was of a far more serious nature than the first. After ringing the bell for a messenger to send to Mr. Macallan I ran to the door to see if any of the servants happened to be within call.

"The only person I saw in the corridor was Mrs. Beauly. She was on her way from her own room, she said, to inquire after Mrs. Macallan's health. I said to her, 'Mrs. Macallan is seriously ill again, ma'am. Would you please tell Mr. Macallan, and send for the doctor?' She ran down stairs at once to do as I told her.

"I had not been long back at the bedside when Mr. Macallan and Mrs. Beauly both came in together. Mrs. Macallan cast a strange look on them (a look I can not at all describe), and bade them leave her. Mrs. Beauly, looking very much frightened, withdrew immediately. Mr. Macallan advanced a step or two nearer to the bed. His wife looked at him again in the same strange way, and cried out—half as if she was threatening him, half as if she was entreating him—'Leave me with the nurse. Go!' He only waited to say to me in a whisper, 'The doctor is sent for,' and then he left the room.

"Before Mr. Gale arrived Mrs. Macallan was violently sick. What came from her was muddy and frothy, and faintly streaked with blood. When Mr. Gale saw it he looked very serious. I heard him say to himself, 'What does this mean?' He did his best to relieve Mrs. Macallan, but with no good result that I could see. After a time she seemed to suffer less. Then more sickness came on. Then there was another intermission. Whether she was suffering or not I observed that her hands and feet (whenever I touched them) remained equally cold. Also, the doctor's report of her pulse was always the same—'very small and feeble.' I said to Mr. Gale, 'What is to be done, Sir?' And Mr. Gale said to me, 'I won't take the responsibility on myself any longer; I must have a physician from Edinburgh.'

"The fastest horse in the stables at Gleninch was put into a dog-cart, and the coachman drove away full speed to Edinburgh to fetch the famous Doctor Jerome.

"While we were waiting for the physician Mr. Macallan came into his wife's room with Mr. Gale. Exhausted as she was, she instantly lifted her hand and signed to him to leave her. He tried by soothing words to persuade her to let him stay. No! She still insisted on sending him out of her room. He seemed to feel it—at such a time, and in the presence of the doctor. Before she was aware of him he suddenly stepped up to the bedside and kissed her on the forehead. She shrank from him with a scream. Mr. Gale interfered, and led him out of the room.

"In the afternoon Doctor Jerome arrived.

"The great physician came just in time to see her seized with another attack of sickness. He watched her attentively without speaking a word. In the interval when the sickness stopped he still studied her, as it were, in perfect silence. I thought he would never have done examining her. When he was at last satisfied he told me to leave him alone with Mr. Gale. 'We will ring,' he said, 'when we want you here again.'

"It was a long time before they rang for me. The coachman was sent for before I was summoned back to the bedroom. He was dispatched to Edinburgh for the second time, with a written message from Doctor Jerome to his head servant, saying that there was no chance of his returning to the city and to his patients for some hours to come. Some of us thought this looked badly for Mrs. Macallan. Others said it might mean that the doctor had hopes of saving her, but expected to be a long time in doing it.

"At last I was sent for. On my presenting myself in the bedroom Doctor Jerome went out to speak to Mr. Macallan, leaving Mr. Gale along with me. From that time as long as the poor lady lived I was never left alone with her. One of the two doctors was always in her room. Refreshments were prepared for them; but still they took it in turns to eat their meal, one relieving the other at the bedside. If they had administered remedies to their patient, I should not have been surprised by this proceeding. But they were at the end of their remedies; their only business in the room seemed to be to keep watch. I was puzzled to account for this. Keeping watch was the nurse's business. I thought the conduct of the doctors very strange.

"By the time that the lamp was lit in the sick-room I could see that the end was near. Excepting an occasional feeling of cramp in her legs, she seemed to suffer less. But her eyes looked sunk in her head; her skin was cold and clammy; her lips had turned to a bluish paleness. Nothing roused her now—excepting the last attempt made by her husband to see her. He came in with Doctor Jerome, looking like a man terror-struck. She was past speaking; but the moment she saw him she feebly made signs and sounds which showed that she was just as resolved as ever not to let him come near her. He was so overwhelmed that Mr. Gale was obliged to help him out of the room. No other person was allowed to see the patient. Mr. Dexter and Mrs. Beauly made their inquiries outside the door, and were not invited in. As the evening drew on the doctors sat on either side of the bed silently watching her, silently waiting for her death.

"Toward eight o'clock she seemed to have lost the use of her hands and arms: they lay helpless outside the bedclothes. A little later she sank into a sort of dull sleep. Little by little the sound of her heavy breathing grew fainter. At twenty minutes past nine Doctor Jerome told me to bring the lamp to the bedside. He looked at her, and put his hand on her heart. Then he said to me, 'You can go down stairs, nurse: it is all over.' He turned to Mr. Gale. 'Will you inquire if Mr. Macallan can see us?' he said. I opened the door for Mr. Gale, and followed him out. Doctor Jerome called me back for a moment, and told me to give him the key of the door. I did so, of course; but I thought this also very strange. When I got down to the servants' hall I found there was a general feeling that something was wrong. We were all uneasy—without knowing why.

"A little later the two doctors left the house. Mr. Macallan had been quite incapable of receiving them and hearing what they had to say. In this difficulty they had spoken privately with Mr. Dexter, as Mr. Macallan's old friend, and the only gentleman then staying at Gleninch.

"Before bed-time I went up stairs to prepare the remains of the deceased lady for the coffin. The room in which she lay was locked, the door leading into Mr. Macallan's room being secured, as well as the door leading into the corridor. The keys had been taken away by Mr. Gale. Two of the men-servants were posted outside the bedroom to keep watch. They were to be relieved at four in the morning—that was all they could tell me.

"In the absence of any explanations or directions, I took the liberty of knocking at the door of Mr. Dexter's room. From his lips I first heard the startling news. Both the doctors had refused to give the usual certificate of death! There was to be a medical examination of the body the next morning."

There the examination of the nurse, Christina Ormsay, came to an end.

Ignorant as I was of the law, I could see what impression the evidence (so far) was intended to produce on the minds of the jury. After first showing that my husband had had two opportunities of administering the poison—once in the medicine and once in the tea—the counsel for the Crown led the jury to infer that the prisoner had taken those opportunities to rid himself of an ugly and jealous wife whose detestable temper he could no longer endure.

Having directed his examination to the attainment of this object, the Lord Advocate had done with the witness. The Dean of Faculty—acting in the prisoner's interests—then rose to bring out the favorable side of the wife's character by cross-examining the nurse. If he succeeded in this attempt, the Jury might reconsider their conclusion that the wife was a person who had exasperated her husband beyond endurance. In that case, where (so far) was the husband's motive for poisoning her? and where was the presumption of the prisoner's guilt?

Pressed by this skillful lawyer, the nurse was obliged to exhibit my husband's first wife under an entirely new aspect. Here is the substance of what the Dean of Faculty extracted from Christina Ormsay:

"I persist in declaring that Mrs. Macallan had a most violent temper. But she was certainly in the habit of making amends for the offense that she gave by her violence. When she was quiet again, she always made her excuses to me, and she made them with a good grace. Her manners were engaging at such times as these. She spoke and acted like a well-bred lady. Then, again, as to her personal appearance. Plain as she was in face, she had a good figure; her hands and feet, I was told, had been modeled by a sculptor. She had a very pleasant voice, and she was reported when in health to sing beautifully. She was also (if her maid's account was to be trusted) a pattern in the matter of dressing for the other ladies in the neighborhood. Then, as to Mrs. Beauly, though she was certainly jealous of the beautiful young widow, she had shown at the same time that she was capable of controlling that feeling. It was through Mrs. Macallan that Mrs. Beauly was in the house. Mrs. Beauly had wished to postpone her visit on account of the state of Mrs. Macallan's health. It was Mrs. Macallan herself—not her husband—who decided that Mrs. Beauly should not be disappointed, and should pay her visit to Gleninch then and there. Further, Mrs. Macallan (in spite of her temper) was popular with her friends and popular with her servants. There was hardly a dry eye in the house when it was known she was dying. And, further still, in those little domestic disagreements at which the nurse had been present, Mr. Macallan had never lost his temper, and had never used harsh language: he seemed to be more sorry than angry when the quarrels took place."—Moral for the jury: Was this the sort of woman who would exasperate a man into poisoning her? And was this the sort of man who would be capable of poisoning his wife?

Having produced this salutary counter-impression, the Dean of Faculty sat down; and the medical witnesses were called next.

Here the evidence was simply irresistible.

Doctor Jerome and Mr. Gale positively swore that the symptoms of the illness were the symptoms of poisoning by arsenic. The surgeon who had performed the post-mortem examination followed. He positively swore that the appearance of the internal organs proved Doctor Jerome and Mr. Gale to be right in declaring that their patient had died poisoned. Lastly, to complete this overwhelming testimony, two analytical chemists actually produced in Court the arsenic which they had found in the body, in a quantity admittedly sufficient to have killed two persons instead of one. In the face of such evidence as this, cross-examination was a mere form. The first Question raised by the Trial—Did The Woman Die Poisoned?—was answered in the affirmative, and answered beyond the possibility of doubt.

The next witnesses called were witnesses concerned with the question that now followed—the obscure and terrible question: Who Poisoned Her?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LAST APPLE.

The apple is said to be of Eastern origin. It is mentioned in the Bible, and by Herodotus, Pliny, and other ancient writers. Many varieties were cultivated about Rome. More than twenty different kinds are spoken of by Pliny, but none of them can be distinguished from his brief descriptions among the varieties now in existence. It is thought that the Romans introduced this fruit into England along with the pear; but we find no mention of it until after the establishment of Christianity, when the monks planted extensive orchards, and made the apple common throughout the country. The early settlers of this country brought over apple-trees, and were aided in the propagation of the fruit by the Indians, who planted many orchards all over New England.

In its adopted country the apple has attained to greater perfection than any where else in the world. The census returns for 1870 state the value of the apple crop in this country for that year to be over forty-seven millions of dollars. More than a million of acres are under cultivation as apple orchards, and the area of land devoted to this purpose is increasing every year. Large quantities of American apples are exported to England, to China, and the East Indies. The apple-tree is by no means handsome, either in a wild or cultivated state. The shape is irregular, and the bark, as the tree attains maturity, becomes rough and scaly. But nothing can be more beautiful than an apple orchard in blossom, and landscape painters are fond of rendering the lovely colors it presents. Few trees are more tenacious of life than the apple. The best artificial varieties last from fifty to eighty years in good bearing condition, and many specimens are known in New England nearly two hundred years old that still bear fruit. Many of our New England readers know of crabbed-looking old apple-trees off in lonely meadows, where some half-filled cellar-hole and perhaps a worn stone door-step tell that a farmer's house stood in olden time, whose knotty branches every summer still sustain a goodly load of fruit.

Our illustration on page 972 requires no explanation. It tells its own story—a pretty autumn idyl which almost every one remembers from youth.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among various preparations for the United States Centennial the government of Norway proposes to exhibit a complete picture of its fisheries, including specimens or models of the different kinds of vessels, nets, pounds, hooks, bait, raw products, manufactured articles, etc. To these will be added specimens of the food fishes and other more important marine animals. The work of securing this collection is being done under the direction of the Museum of Bergen, and is especially in charge of Mr. Hermann Baars, a prominent merchant of Bergen, and largely connected with the fisheries. This gentleman not long since forwarded to the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries a valuable collection of specimens of such articles, although, of course, of much less extent than it is proposed to send to Philadelphia.

It is much to be hoped that Congress may see fit to make an appropriation for the purpose of bringing together similar illustrations of the fisheries of the United States, not only as at present prosecuted, but showing their rise and progress. Such a collection would require to be of large extent, including many of the varied applications of the fishing industries. The methods of capturing and utilizing fish, whether for food, oil, as fertilizers, or for other purposes—the cod, herring, mackerel, menhaden, eulachon, whale, porpoise, seals of various kinds, sponge, oyster, scollop, clam, and many other articles—are extremely varied, and should be illustrated in the proposed manner by models of the other objects and by plaster casts of the fishes themselves, and with samples of the products derived from them.

Some months ago we referred to an expedition for polar research, and the chartering of the celebrated steam-yacht *Diana*, of Mr. Lamont, by Captain Williams, of Sunderland, for that purpose. The vessel left in June, and after passing Nova Zembla, reached the Gulf of Obi. From the indications of the atmosphere and of the water Captain Williams came to the conclusion that he would have no difficulty whatever in reaching Behring Straits before the closing of the season.

Dr. William Rutherford has lately been appointed Professor of Physiology at the University of Edinburgh, and thereby vacates a similar professorship at King's College, London.

Dr. Adolf Bernhard Meyer, well known in connection with his explorations in New Guinea, has been appointed director of the Zoological Museum at Dresden, replacing the veteran Dr. Reichenbach, who has retired.

Of special interest in connection with the explorations of Lieutenant Wheeler, made within the past few years, have been the results obtained by the ornithologist, Mr. William H. Henshaw, the series of birds alone brought in by him in successive seasons being of great extent, generally from a thousand to fifteen hundred specimens annually, in an admirable condition of preservation, and embracing a very considerable number of species new to the American fauna.

The principal feature of last year's work was the discovery of a large humming-bird, *Eugenes fulgens*, hitherto known only in Mexico, and of the *Setophaga picta*, or painted fly-catcher. In the present year some six or eight additional species to our present fauna have been procured, some of them new, and others, like the *Eugenes*, originally known only from Mexico. The region explored during the present year was in the southern part of Arizona and in New Mexico, from which it might have been expected that interesting novelties would be derived.

An interesting occurrence to British fish-culturists took place in the arrival at the Brighton Aquarium on the 16th of September of nine living sterlets from St. Petersburg, brought by the British steamer *Dwina*. These were taken in the Volga River, and brought in the well of a boat fourteen hundred miles to St. Petersburg. The sterlet is a small species of sturgeon, very much prized in Russia, where it is considered superior even to the turbot. Its introduction into the waters of the United States has been proposed, and it is probable that the subject will receive due attention from the authorities.

American metallurgists have been much gratified at the recent visit to this country of Mr. J. Lowthian Bell, the president of the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain, and one of the most eminent iron-masters of England. He has been taken charge of by Professor Rossiter Raymond, editor of *The Engineering and Mining Journal*, and under his guidance he has already visited a large number of the more prominent establishments and mining regions of the country.

The death of Hiram G. Bloomer, curator of the California Academy of Sciences, is announced as having taken place in September last.

A meeting of the Board of Commissioners of the State Geological Survey of Pennsylvania was held at Harrisburg on the 22d of September. The reports of Professor Lesley and his assistants were presented and approved. Special progress was noted as having been made in the researches in the oil regions, and by Dr. Genth in the mineralogy of the State.

While the French are proposing to cut a canal from the Gulf of Gabes for the formation of an immense sea in Algeria and Tunis, Mr. Hobham is about attempting to divert the waters of the Arpa-Chai into a channel to be cut throughout the length and breadth of the vast desert plain of Sardar Abad for its thorough fertilization and cultivation. The work has already been begun, under the grant of the plain from the Russian government, and it will probably cost five millions of rubles for its completion. Mr. Hobham hopes to attract 100,000 Irish and German immigrants to settle on the reclaimed lands.

Dr. Carpenter, in illustration of the physical theory of under-currents, exhibited before the British Association a sectional map of the sea between Nova Scotia and the Bermudas, and including the isothermal lines. These lines were tilted up at the western end, indicating the existence of a cold current between the American coast and the Gulf Stream. This fact was interpreted by Dr. Carpenter as due to the rotation of the earth, combined with the fact that this cold water is flowing from north to south. A similar phenomenon is met with on the east coast of Japan, where there is a cold band between the Japan current and the land, and also in the North Sea, where there is glacial water within 100 miles of the north coast of Scotland.

The existence of this cold current on the east coast of North America, extending down even off the coast of Massachusetts and beyond, is well known to American marine zoologists, the parties working in connection with the United States Fish Commission in 1872 and 1873 having obtained at various localities, at depths of 75 to 120 fathoms, temperatures as low as 35° F.

The Khedive of Egypt, in carrying out various measures for the development of the resources of his country, has organized an expedition to survey the physical and geological formations of the valley of the Nile and the countries adjacent to the Red Sea. The project has been formed of directing the waters of the Nile into the bed of the ancient river that formerly flowed through the valley, and which is still called by the Arabs the valley of the Dry Nile. One object of the expedition is to determine whether this be feasible, as, if so, it may result in the reclamation and cultivation of vast tracts of land now desert and sterile.

For many years the zebra has been considered as absolutely untamable, but one or two instances of the contrary being recorded, and considered as remarkable exceptions to the general rule. The Acclimatization Society of Paris shortly before the Franco-German war commenced experiments with a view to determine whether their taming was actually possible or not, but without much progress, as the exigencies of the siege made it necessary to convert them, with other animals in the society's gardens, into articles of food.

In 1872 a number of extremely vicious zebras were secured, and the experiment renewed. At first they were entirely unmanageable, but became more docile after horses were kept with them for some time. Since then they have been readily harnessed, and are found to work steadily and well. The Bulletin of the society now announces that there is no question as to the possibility of domesticating the zebra, if treated kindly, and that they can be usefully employed for draught animals, having great endurance and vigor, and occupying a position between the horse and the ass, but in all essential respects corresponding with the latter animal.

A. P. Rockwood, a fish-culturist in Utah, placed 500 silver eels, received from the East, in Zion's Co-operative Fish Pond, in Salt Lake County. This discharges into a tributary of the Jordan River, which connects Utah Lake with Great Salt Lake. The Utah papers announce the capture, on the 12th of August last, of an eel at the mouth of the Provo River two feet in length and weighing one pound seven ounces, which is supposed to be one of the stock referred to.

The whaler *Arctic*, of Dundee, in command of Captain Adams, was lost in Davis Straits during the past season, having on board a full cargo of oil. All hands were saved, however.

It may be remembered that after the rescue of the second division of the *Polaris* party by the English whaler, the *Ravenscraig*, a portion of the crew was transferred to the *Arctic* and brought into Dundee, receiving on the voyage the utmost kindness and attention from Captain Adams.

The committee appointed by the British Association to bring before the public the question of a close time for the preservation of indigenous animals reported at a late meeting the steps they had taken toward this object, and expressed the belief that the effect of birds'-nesting, on such kinds of birds as are known to be diminishing, is altogether inappreciable, while its effect on those whose numbers are not decreasing may be safely disregarded, and consequently that there is no need of any legislative interference with the practice. The committee believed that the only practicable mode of checking the diminution of such birds as have been proved to be decreasing is the effectual protection of the adults from destruction during the breeding season.

Among the men of science who were prominent during the German polar expedition on board the *Germania* and the *Hansa* was Dr. W. Lühders, who, as one of the wrecked party of the *Hansa*, was drifted southward with the ice-floe. Shortly after his return to Germany he entered upon an exploration of the Cameroons River, in West Africa, with Dr. Reichenow and Dr. Bucholz. We regret to learn that shortly after his arrival in Africa Dr. Lühders died, and the party, being thus weakened, was broken up, and the rest returned to Germany.

Mr. A. W. Chase communicates an interesting fact in connection with an account of the destruction of fish on the Oregon coast by means of the explosion of nitro-glycerine. In this he remarks that some of the fish are killed outright by this explosion, while others appear to be simply stunned, and that in several instances, after having fish, apparently dead for half an hour, scaled, the intestines taken out, and prepared for cooking (the head, however, remaining on the body), they began to flop around as briskly as if just taken from the water.

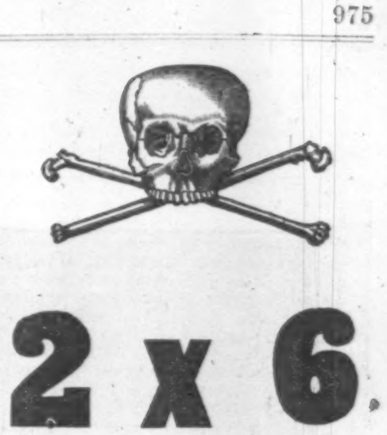
We announced some time ago the offer for sale by Dr. Feuchtwanger of his valuable collection of minerals, fossils, and gems, and we now have before us a catalogue showing the extent of his cabinet. This embraces over 1700 specimens of minerals of ordinary size and about 900 of extra dimensions. In the sale will also be included the valuable collection of gems gathered to illustrate the work first published by the doctor on this subject a few years ago. This sale furnishes an excellent opportunity for some college or other public institution to obtain a very complete series of choice minerals.

An important paper has been lately published in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society for March, 1874, consisting of an exhaustive memoir on the North American genus *Menobranchus*, by Professor T. H. Huxley.

Of the various government exploring expeditions that have been in the field during the past summer the most signal success has been experienced by the party of Lieutenant Wheeler, in the discovery of certain new beds of fossil vertebrates, from which a large number of new species have been derived. The division by which this result has been achieved was under command of Dr. H. C. Yarrow, in charge of the natural history department of the survey, accompanied by Professor E. D. Cope, with several assistants. One of the newly discovered beds belongs to the eocene tertiary period, and originally constituted a fresh-water lake, probably drained off by the Chama and San Juan rivers. The shores of the lake are formed of cretaceous rocks of an age corresponding to that of the No. 3 of Meek and Hayden. The rock in which the fossils occur is a brown and white sandstone of about a thousand feet in thickness.

A preliminary investigation given to the collections by Professor Cope shows marked differences from those of the Bridge Basin of Wyoming, some of the more characteristic genera being *Bathmodon*, *Hipposyus*, and *Phenacodus*. It is a remarkable fact in this connection that there are several species of sharks and an *Ostrea* found in connection with the mammals.

What Professor Cope considers the most striking feature of the discovery is the occurrence of two new genera, which he calls *Calamodon* and *Eltoganus*, belonging to the *Toxodontia*, an order not heretofore found in North America. Of the last-mentioned genus three species were found, and of the former one, all of them of about the size of the tapir. One reptile, a species of alligator resembling the *A. neterodon* of the Wyoming bed, was also detected.



WHITE LEAGUE INTIMIDATION.

One of the means employed by the White League in the intimidation of Republican voters at New Orleans we give above. The following is an extract from the letter which accompanied it:

"I was on duty in New Orleans on the night of November 3, when it was reported to me by a captain of police that during the morning incendiary and threatening documents of various kinds had been distributed over the city by the White Leaguers. On my asking him to get me a sample copy, he handed me the inclosed."

When we reflect that employers in Louisiana formed leagues that pledged themselves to discharge every negro laborer who did not vote for the Democratic ticket, that others are said to have driven their workmen before them to the polls, that the secret menaces of the White Leaguers, armed and powerful, may well have terrified every Republican voter whether white or black into submission, it seems extraordinary that so many Republicans were so courageous as to vote at all.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Boy, where do you come from, and how do you live?" "Come from Galway, and live by ating." "Would you like something to do?" "Don't care, if it ain't hard work." "Well, boy, if you like, I will set you up in a business that will prove both pleasant and profitable!" "Go ahead; I'm ready!" "Well, you go somewhere and steal a basket, and then go round begging for cold victuals, and you may have half you get!"

"Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has been married with a congealing heart, and one that beats desponding to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

DIGGING POTATOES.

A soldier on furlough, and just convalescent,
Sought a job to supply him with cash for the present,
And promised a farmer to dig up a patch
Of potatoes with faithfulness, care, and dispatch.
A bottle of whisky, his spirits to stir,
Was given to Bob as a sort of a spur,
Which bottle, with many a copious pull,
He emptied, and left the potato hills full,
While he with some difficulty held by a stump,
Saluting it oft with a staggering thump.
Some hours had elapsed; his employer returned,
And said, while his bosom indignantly burned,
"You insolent rascal—you slave of the jug—
Not a single potato, you sot, have you dug!"
"Po-ta-toes!" said Bob, with a stammering tongue,
"If you want your potatoes dug, fetch 'em along!"

George IV., on hearing some one declare that Moore had murdered Sheridan in his late life of that statesman, observed, "I won't say that Mr. Moore has murdered Sheridan, but he has certainly attempted his life."

We were amused at hearing the story of an old lady whose only exclamation on hearing of the execution of a man who had once lived in the neighborhood was, "Well, I know'd he'd come to the gallows at last, for the knot in his handkerchief was always slipping round under his left ear."

Sheridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots; these attracting the notice of some of his friends, "Now guess," said he, "how I came by these boots." Many probable guesses then took place. "No!" said Sheridan; "no, you've not hit it, nor ever will—I bought them and paid for them!"

A lunatic in Bedlam was asked how he came there. He answered, "By a dispute." "What dispute?" The Bedlamite replied, "The world said I was mad; I said the world was mad; and they outwitted me."

A clergyman was endeavoring to instruct one of his Sunday-school scholars, a plow-boy, on the nature of a miracle. "Now, my boy," said he, "suppose you should see the sun rising in the middle of the night, what should you call that?" "The mune, plase, Sur." "No, but," said the clergyman, "suppose you knew it was not the moon, but the sun, and that you saw it actually rise in the middle of the night, what should you think?" "Plase, Sur, I should think it was time to get up!"

An English writer says, in his advice to young married women, that their mother Eve married a gardener. It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of his match, lost his situation.

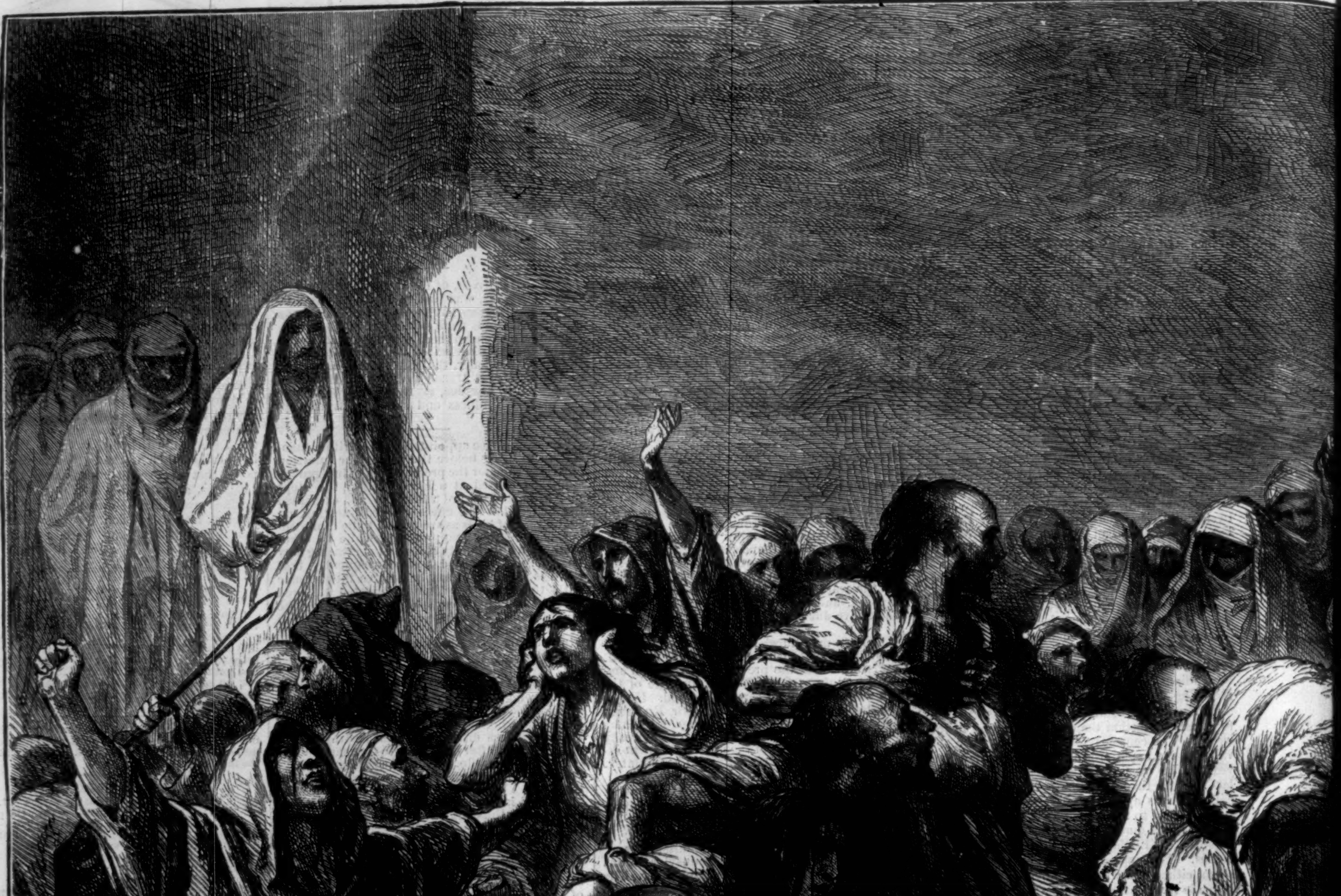
Queen Victoria went to a garden party at Chiswick recently, and a gentleman present told her he remembered her face, but couldn't for the life of him recall her name!

"You don't seem to know how to take me," said a vulgar fellow to a gentleman he had insulted. "Yes, I do," said the gentleman, taking him by the nose.

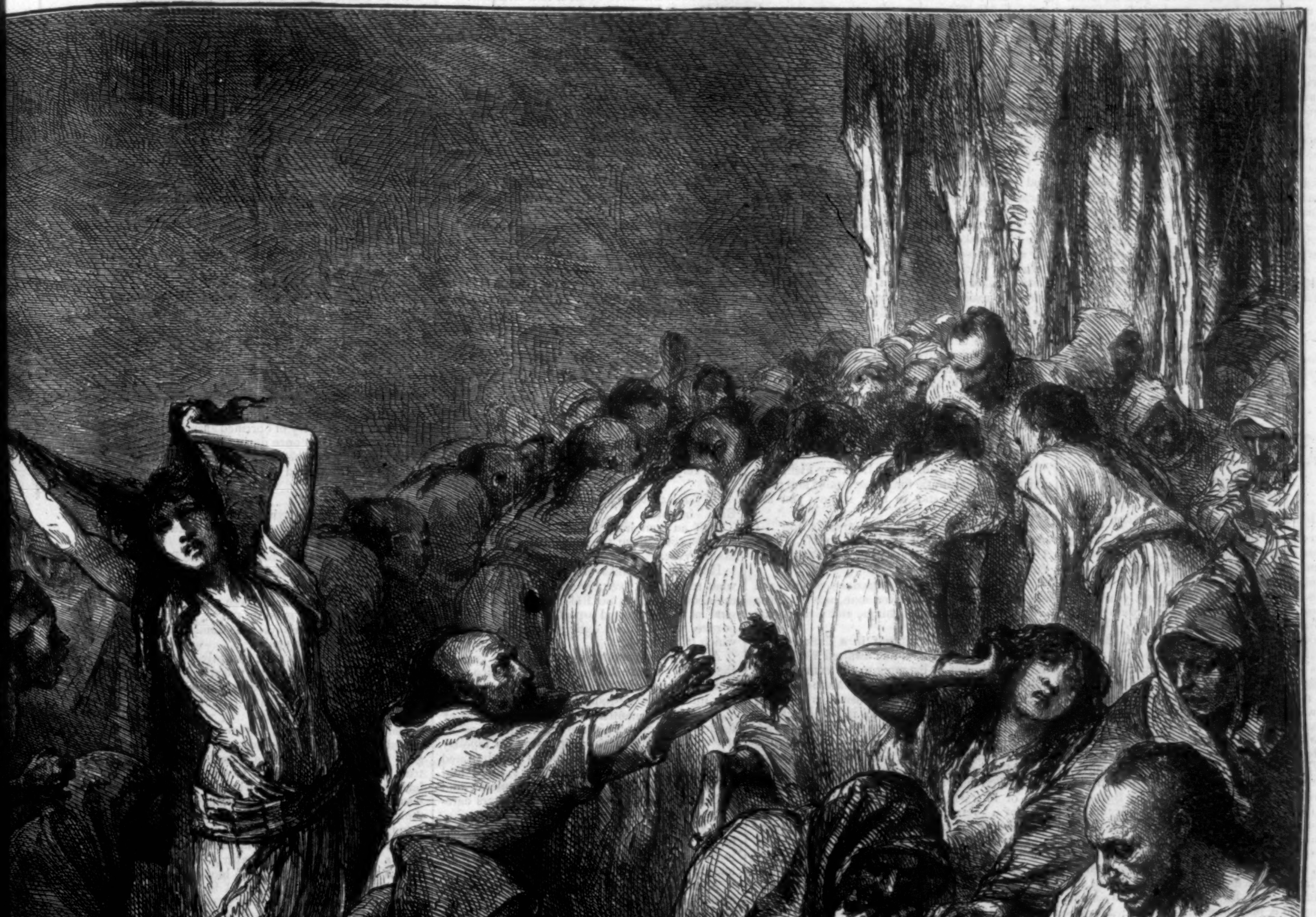
A Western editor pictures a reporter, in a proposed new style of school reader, thusly: "Here is the face of a reporter. See how joyful he looks. He has just heard that a man has cut his own throat, and he is going for the item. Should you like to be a reporter and get licked on dark nights, and see dead persons, and climb up four pairs of stairs?"

A man in Peoria claims to have a stone that Washington threw at a woodpecker on his father's cherry-tree.

"Why, Jimmy," said one professional beggar to another, "are you going to knock off already? It's only two o'clock." "No, you mutton-head," responded the other, who was engaged in unbuckling his crutch. "I'm only going to put it on the other knee. You don't suppose a fellow can beg all day on the same leg, do you?"



RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL AT TANGIER—ANNIVERSA



ERSA[illegible] OF THE BIRTH OF MOHAMMED.—[See Page 978.]

RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL AT TANGIER.

Our double-page illustration, engraved from a sketch taken at Tangier, will give our readers a very graphic idea of the great festival celebrated every year by Mohammedans on the anniversary of the birthday of the Prophet. These people, who seem to have been just let loose from a mad-house, have come back from a pilgrimage to Mequinez, one of the chief cities of Morocco, and now give themselves up to all kinds of excesses. They crunch bits of glass between the teeth, slash their breasts with knives, tear their hair, rend to pieces the carcasses of sheep, and devour the flesh raw. All the while they dance to wild, shrill music produced on a species of oboe. The spectacle is at once fantastic and sad. The artist may admire the picturesque effect of the wild scene, in which men and women, young and old, dance, shout, and sing, and throw themselves into absurd postures in a sort of delirious intoxication; but at the same time one can not repress a sentiment of pity for these poor victims of ignorance and superstition. As a rule the women who take part in this barbarous festival join in the dance with greater *abandon* than the men, and keep up the wild display until they fall prostrate from physical exhaustion.

(Continued from No. 934, page 968.)

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Aurora Floyd," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"THE DAYS HAVE VANISHED, TONE AND TINT."

Humphrey Clissold lost no time in setting about his search for Miss Barlow, the quondam school-mistress of Seacomb. But the first result of his endeavors was failure. The London Post-office Directory for the current year knew not Miss Barlow. Barlows there were in its pages, but they were trading Barlows, Barlows who baked or Barlows who brewed, Barlows who dealt in upholstery, Barlows who purveyed butchers'-meat, or professional Barlows who wrote Rev. before their names or M.R.C.S. after their names. A spinster of the musical profession was not to be found among the London Barlows.

In the face of this disappointment Humphrey paused to consider his next effort. Advertising in the *Times* he looked upon as a last resource, and a means of inquiry which he hoped to dispense with. So many spurious Miss Barlows, eager to hear of something to their advantage, would be conjured into being by any appeal published in the second column of the *Times*.

There remained to him the detective medium, but Mr. Clissold cherished a prejudice against private inquiry offices, and would not for all the wealth of this realm have revealed Justina's name and story to a professional detective. He was resolved to succeed or fail in this business single-handed.

"If Miss Barlow is above-ground, her existence must be known to somebody," he reasoned; "to musical people more particularly. I'll go down to the Albert Theatre, and have a chat with the leader of the orchestra. Your musical director is generally a man of the world, with a little more than the average amount of brains. And I have heard Justina speak very highly of Herr Fisfiz. Flittergilt's new comedy is in rehearsal, so I have an excuse for going behind the scenes."

It was about noon on the day after his little entertainment to Mr. Elgood that Humphrey arrived at this decision. He went straight from his club, where he had explored the Court Guide and Postal Directory, to the snug little theatre in the Strand, where, after some parley with the stage-door keeper, he obtained admittance, and groped his way through subterranean regions of outer darkness, and by some break-neck stairs, to the side scenes, where, in a dim glimmer of cold daylight and flaring gas, he beheld the stage on one side of him, and the open door of the greenroom on the other.

Justina was on the stage rehearsing. Mr. Flittergilt, in a state of mental fever, sat by the stage manager's little table, manuscript and pencil in hand, underlining here, erasing there, now altering an exit, now suggesting the proper emphasis to give point to a sparkling sentence, evidently delighted with his own work, yet as evidently painfully anxious about the result.

"I sha'n't be satisfied with a moderate success," he told Humphrey. "I want this piece to make a greater hit than *No Cards*. You remember what was said of Sheridan when he hung back from writing a new comedy. He was afraid of the author of *The Rivals*. Now I don't want that to be said of *me*."

"No fear, dear boy," remarked Humphrey. But Mr. Flittergilt's exalted mind ignored the interjection.

"I want the public to see that I have not emptied my sack; that *No Cards* was not my ace of trumps, but only my knave. I've queen, king, and ace to follow. Did you hear the last scene?" asked the author, with a self-satisfied smile. "it's rather sparkling, I think, and Elgood hits the character to the life."

Mr. Clissold did not approve this familiar allusion to the girl of his choice.

"I've only just this moment come in," he said. "I'm glad Miss Elgood likes her new rôle."

"Likes it!" cried Flittergilt, with an injured look. "It wouldn't be easy for any actress on the boards not to like such a part. *No Cards* made Miss Elgood; but this piece will place her a step higher on the ladder."

"Don't you think there may be people weak-minded enough to believe that Miss Elgood's acting made *No Cards?*" asked Humphrey, quietly.

"I can't help people's weakmindedness," answered Mr. Flittergilt, with dignity; "but I know this for a fact, that no acting—not of a Macready or a Fawcet—ever made a bad piece run over a hundred nights." And with this assertion of himself Mr. Flittergilt went back to his table and his manuscript, and began to badger the actors—being possessed by the idea that because he was able to construct a play from the various foreign materials at his command, he must necessarily be able to teach experienced comedians their art.

Justina looked up from her book presently and espied Mr. Clissold. Her blush betrayed surprise; her eyes revealed that the surprise was not unpleasant.

"Have you come to criticise the new comedy?" she asked. "That's hardly fair, though, for a piece loses so much at rehearsal. Mr. Flittergilt is always calling us back to give us his own peculiar reading of a line. I never saw such an excitable little man. But I suppose he'll take things more coolly when he has written a few more plays."

"Yes, he is new to the work as yet. I am glad to hear you have such a good part."

"It is a wonderfully good part, if I can only act it as it ought to be played."

"Is your leader, Herr Fisfiz, here this morning?" asked Humphrey, carelessly.

"He is coming presently. There's a gavotte in the third act."

"You dance?"

"Yes, Mr. Mortimer and I. Herr Fisfiz has written original music for it—so quaint and pretty. You should stay to hear it, now you are here."

"I mean to stay till the rehearsal is over. I should like you to introduce me to Mr. Fisfiz. I want to ask him a question or two about some musical people."

"I shall be pleased to introduce you to each other. He is a very clever man, not in music only, but in all kinds of things, and I think you would like him."

Humphrey seated himself in a dark corner, near the prompter's box, and awaited Mr. Fisfiz, amusing himself by listening to the comedy, and beholding his friend Flittergilt's frantic exertions in the mean while. He had been thus occupied nearly an hour when Mr. Fisfiz appeared, attended by his *âme damnée* in the person of the *répétiteur*. The director was a little man, with a small, delicate face, and a Shakspearean brow; spoke English perfectly, though with a German accent, and had no dislike to hearing himself talk, or to wasting a stray half hour in the society of a pretty actress, or even bestowing the sunshine of his presence for a few leisure minutes on a group of giggling—or, as he called them, gikklink—ballet girls. He was evidently a great admirer of Miss Elgood, and inclined to be gracious to any one she introduced to him.

"I think you'll like the gafotte," he said, playing little pizzicato passages on his violin, with a satisfied smile. "It sounds like Bach."

Justina told him it was charming. The dance began presently, and though she only walked through it, the grace of her movements charmed that silent lover of hers, who sat in his corner and made no sign, lest in uttering the most commonplace compliment he should betray that secret which he had pledged himself to keep.

When the gavotte was finished Justina brought Herr Fisfiz to the dark corner, and left him there with Humphrey while she went on with her rehearsal.

Mr. Clissold gave the gavotte its meed of praise, said a few words about things in general, and then came to the question he wanted to ask.

"There is a lady connected with the musical profession I am trying to find, Herr Fisfiz," he said, "and it struck me this morning that you might be able to assist me."

"I know most people in the musical world," answered Herr Fisfiz. "What is the lady's name?"

"Miss Barlow."

"Miss Barlow. How do you spell the name?"

Humphrey spelled it, and the director shook his head.

"I know no one of that name. No Miss B-a-r-l-o-w," he said. "I never heard of any one so called in the musical profession. Is your Miss Barlow a concert singer? Young—an amateur, perhaps, who has not yet made herself known?"

"She is not a concert singer, and she must be middle-aged—probably elderly. The last account I have of her goes back to ten years ago. She may be dead and gone for any thing I know to the contrary; but I have heard that she was living in or near London ten years ago, giving lessons in music, and that she was doing well. She was a retired school-mistress, and had made money, therefore was not likely to go in for ill-paid drudgery. She must have had some standing in her profession, I fancy."

"I know of a Madame Bâlo—B-â-l-o—who might answer to that description," said the leader, thoughtfully, an elderly lady, a very fine pianiste. She still receives a few pupils—chiefly girls studying for concert playing; but I believe she does so more from love of her art than from any necessity to earn money. She lives in considerable comfort, and appears to be very well off."

"She is a foreigner, I suppose, from the name. The lady I mean is—or was—an Englishwoman."

"Madame Bâlo is as British as you are. She may have married a foreigner, perhaps. But I really don't know whether she is a widow or a spinster. She lives alone, in a nice little house in Maida Vale."

"I wonder whether she can be the lady I want to find. The description seems to answer. She may have Italianized the spelling of her name to make it more attractive to her patrons."

"Yes, you English seem to have a small belief in your own musical abilities, since you prefer to intrust the cultivation of them to a foreigner."

"Do you know this lady well enough to give me a note of introduction to her?" asked Humphrey; "if I may venture to ask such a favor at the beginning of our acquaintance."

"Delighted to oblige a friend of Miss Elgood's," answered Herr Fisfiz, politely. "Yes, I know Madame Bâlo well enough to scribble a note of introduction to her. She is a very clever woman, with a passion for clever people. And I believe you belong to the world of letters, Mr. Clissold."

"I have written for the quarterlies," answered Humphrey.

"Just the very man to delight Madame Bâlo. She is a woman of mind. When do you want the letter?"

"As soon as ever you can oblige me with it. I dare say a line on one of your cards would do as well. I merely wish to ask Madame Bâlo a few questions about a young lady who was once a member of her establishment at Seacomb; supposing that she is identical with the Miss Barlow I have spoken of."

"I'll do what you want at once," said Herr Fisfiz.

He seated himself at the prompter's table, and wrote on the back of a card, in a neat and minute penmanship,

"Dear Madame,—Mr. Clissold, the bearer of this card, is a literary gentleman of some standing, who wishes to make your acquaintance. Any favor you may accord him will also oblige, yours very truly, R. F."

"I think that will be quite enough for Madame Bâlo," he said.

Half an hour later Humphrey was in a hansom, bowling along the Edgeware Road toward Maida Vale.

Here, on the banks of the canal, in a somewhat retired and even picturesque spot, he found the abode of Madame Bâlo, stuccoed and classical as to its external aspect, with a Corinthian portico, which almost extinguished the house to which it belonged.

A neat maid-servant opened the iron gate of the small parterre in front of the portico, and admitted him without question. She ushered him into a drawing-room handsomely furnished, and much ornamented with divers specimens of feminine handicraft; water-color landscapes on the walls; Berlin-work chair-covers; a tapestry screen whereon industrious hands had imitated Landseer's famous Bolton Abbey; fluffy and beady mats on the tables and chiffoniers; and alabaster baskets of wax fruit and flowers carefully preserved under glass shades.

A glance at these things told Humphrey that he was on the track of the original Miss Barlow. Such a collection of fancy-work could only belong to a retired school-mistress.

A grand piano, open, with a well-filled music stand beside it, occupied an important position in the room. Early as it was in the autumn, a bright little fire burned in the shining steel grate.

Mr. Clissold had ample leisure to study the characteristics of the apartment before Madame Bâlo made her appearance; but after examining all [illegible] works of art, and roaming about the room somewhat impatiently for some time, Humphrey heard an approaching rustle of silk, and Madame Bâlo entered, radiant, [illegible] black moiré antique, profusely bugled and fringed, and a delicate structure of pink crape and watered ribbon, which no doubt was meant [illegible] cap.

She was a smiling, pleasant-looking little woman, short and stout, with a somewhat rubicund visage and a mellow voice—nothing prim or scholastic about her appearance, her distinguishing quality being rather friendliness and an easy geniality.

"Delighted to see any friend of Herr Fisfiz," she said, with a gushing little manner that had something fresh and youthful about it in spite of her sixty years—not affected juvenility, but the real thing. "Charming man, Herr Fisfiz, one of the finest quartette players I know. We have some pleasant evenings here now and then, when his theatre is shut. I should be happy to see you at my little parties, Mr. Clissold, if you are fond of chamber music."

"You are very kind. I should be pleased to make one of your audience, however limited my powers of appreciation might be. But my call to-day is on a matter of business rather than of pleasure, and I fear I am likely to bore you by asking a good many questions."

"Not at all," said Madame Bâlo, with a gracious bend of the pink structure.

"First and foremost, then, may I venture to ask if you always spelled your name as it is inscribed on the brass plate on your gate, or whether its present orthography, the circumflex accent included, is not rather fanciful than correct? Pray pardon any seeming impertinence in my inquiry. The lady I am in quest of was proprietress of a school at Seacomb, in Cornwall, eminently respected by all who knew her. It struck me that you might be that very Miss Barlow."

The lady blushed, coughed dubiously, and after a little hesitation, answered, frankly,

"Upon my word, Mr. Clissold, I don't know why I should be ashamed of the matter," she said, smiling. "It is a free country, and we are always taught that we may do as we like with our own. Now nothing can be more one's own property than one's name."

"Certainly not."

"When I came back to England after a lengthened sojourn in romantic Italy—the dream of my life through many a year of toil—I found that I was still too young and of far too energetic a temperament to settle down to idleness and retirement. I am speaking now of fifteen years ago. In Italy I had cultivated and improved my powers as an instrumentalist, and I had made myself mistress of the mellifluous language to which a Dante and a Tasso have lent renown. In Italy I had been known as the Signora Bâlo, the odious *r* and *w* being unacceptable to southern orthography. Gradually I had fallen into the way of writing my name as my Italian friends preferred to write it; and ultimately, when I established myself in this modest dwelling, and issued my circulars, I preferred to appeal to a patrician and fashionable public under the Italianized name of Bâlo, and with the prefix Madame."

"Your explanation is perfect, madame," replied Humphrey, "and I thank you sincerely for your candor. And now may I inquire if you remember among your pupils at Seacomb a young lady of the name of Trevanard?"

Madame Bâlo looked agitated even at the mention of the name.

"Remember Muriel Trevanard!" she exclaimed. "I do indeed remember her. She was my favorite pupil, a lovely girl, full of talent—a charming creature."

"Have you any idea of her fate in after-life?"

"No," returned the school-mistress, with a troubled look. "It ought to have been brilliant; but I fear it was a blighted life."

"It was indeed," said Humphrey; and then, as briefly as he could, told Madame Bâlo the story of her pupil's after-life.

Madame Bâlo heard him with undisguised agitation. A little cry of horrified surprise broke from her more than once during his narrative.

"Now, after considering this case from every point of view, I arrived at a certain conclusion," said Humphrey.

"And that was—"

"That George Penwyn and Muriel Trevanard were man and wife, and that you were aware of their marriage."

It was some moments before Madame Bâlo recovered herself sufficiently to reply. She sat looking straight before her, with a troubled countenance, then suddenly rose and walked up and down the room once or twice, made as if she would have spoken, yet was dumb, and then as suddenly sat down again.

"Mr. Clissold," she said, abruptly, after these various evidences of a perturbed spirit, "you have made me a very miserable woman."

"I am sorry to hear that, Madame Bâlo."

"That poor ill-used girl—that martyred girl—condemned by her own mother—disgraced and exiled in her own home—tortured till her brain gave way—was as honest a woman as I am—a true and loyal wife, bound to George Penwyn legally and with my knowledge. Yes, there was a marriage, and I was present at the ceremony. I foolishly permitted myself to be drawn into George Penwyn's boyish scheme of a secret marriage. It was to be the mere legal marriage, only a tie to bind them forever; but no more than a tie until George should have won his father's consent or been released by his father's death, and they should be free to complete their union. A foolish business, you will say, in the bud, but I was a foolish woman, and I thought it such a grand thing for my pet pupil—my bright and beautiful Muriel, whom I loved as if she had been my own daughter—to win the young Squire of Penwyn."

Madame Bâlo said all this in little half-incoherent gushes, not strictly calculated to make things clear.

"If you would kindly give me a direct and succinct account of this matter, so far as you were concerned in it or privy to it, you would be doing me an extreme kindness, Madame Bâlo," said Humphrey, earnestly. "Much wrong has been done that can never be repaired upon this earth; but there is some part of the wrong that may perhaps be set right if you will give me your uttermost aid."

"It is yours, Mr. Clissold. Command me. You have no idea how fond I was of that poor girl—how proud of the talents which it had been my privilege to develop."

"Tell me every thing; straightly, simply, fully."

"I will," replied Madame Bâlo, "and if I appear to blame in this unhappy story, you must remember I erred from want of thought. I believed that I was acting for the best."

"Most of our mistakes in this life are made under that delusion," said Mr. Clissold, with his grave smile.

"You want to know how I came to be mixed up in Muriel's love affair. First you must know that before he went to Eton George Penwyn came to me to be prepared for a public school. I was a mere girl, and had only just set up my establishment for young ladies in those days, and I was very glad to give two hours every morning to the Squire's little boy, who used to ride over to Seacomb on his Exmoor pony in the charge of a groom. A very dear little fellow he was at nine years old. I grounded him in French and Latin, and even taught him the rudiments of Greek, during the year and a half in which I had him for a pupil, my own dear father having given me a thorough classical education; and, without vanity, I didn't think many little lads went to Eton that year better prepared than George Penwyn. He was a grateful, warm-hearted boy, and he never forgot his old friend, or the old-fashioned garden with the big yellow egg-plums on the western wall. He came to see me many a time in his summer holidays, and afterward when he was in the army. I never knew him to be three days at home without spending a morning with me. He was about the only young man I ever let come in and out of my house without restraint, for I knew he was the soul of honor."

"Did he first see Muriel Trevanard in your house?"

"No; he was abroad at the time Muriel was with me. My first knowledge of his acquaintance with Muriel and of his love for her came from his own lips, and came to me as a surprise."

[to be continued.]

THE BERLIN FISH-MARKET.

On page 980 we give an illustration showing the manner in which the preserving tanks, or "fish-cars" as we call them here, in the great fish-market of Berlin are constructed. In these capacious tanks, through which fresh-water flows constantly, the fish are preserved alive until called for by purchasers. The same system may be seen at our own great fish-market on the East River.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

Sunday,	22.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	29.—First Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	30.—St. Andrew.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	6.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	13.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	20.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Friday,	25.—Christmas.
Saturday,	26.—St. Stephen.
Sunday,	27.—First Sunday after Christmas; St. John the Evangelist.
Monday,	28.—Holy Innocents.

The friends of Professor Swing decline to appeal from the decision of the Illinois Synod to the General Assembly. They say that the decision of the Synod leaves him where he was—out of the Church. As this is just where he wishes to be, there is certainly no occasion for an appeal.

The Quakers have been late in organizing Sunday-schools, but they are now conducting them with considerable zeal. The "Seventh First-day School General Conference" was held at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, October 31. Reports were received from the Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Ohio Associations. An important question discussed was whether it is "better to remove the hedges that surround the society," and to open the schools to all, making no effort in them to propagate the views peculiar to the Friends. The "propriety of devising some plan by which the school organizations may be recognized by the various Yearly Meetings" was also considered.

The project of an "International Catholic Congress," which has been for some time discussed, has assumed definite shape. It will be held in London, and will have for its objects the re-assertion of the Pope's infallibility and temporal power. In the preparations for it Archbishop Manning appears to be the master-spirit. When held it will, of course, be under Papal advice and direction.

A colony of Mennonite immigrants has purchased 43,000 acres of land in Kansas from the Atcheson, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway Company. Two hundred and fifty families have arrived, and have already commenced settlement upon the purchase. In order to relieve their religious scruples, the Legislature of Kansas has amended its militia law, so that all persons who, on the 1st of May of each year, file with the clerk of a county court an affidavit declaring that they are members of a religious body whose articles of faith forbid the bearing of arms shall be exempt from militia duty.

An Icelander proposes to translate Channing's works into the language of his countrymen. English Unitarians will assist in defraying the expense of publication.

The venerable Dr. Schauffler, to whom the world is indebted for the Turkish version of the Scriptures, has been compelled by the infirmities of age to retire from Constantinople. He will make his home hereafter with his son at Brünn, in Moravia.

The Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and John have been translated into Japanese by Protestant missionaries, and published. Translations of Genesis, Romans, Ephesians, and Hebrews have also been prepared, but are not yet in print. The Gospel of John has also been printed in Roman characters, but the Japanese have not to any great extent learned the use of these. They are, however, taught in the government schools. The Imperial authorities still refuse to give permits for travel or residence in the interior of the empire until the present treaties are revised.

One of the leaders of the women's temperance crusade in Ohio is familiarly known as "Mother Stewart." She has been recently in Chicago, and while there addressed an immense audience in the Union Park Congregational Church. The *Advance* thus describes her: "She is a person who appears to have no sense of fear, is plain in look and manner, devout in spirit, as shrewd as she is enthusiastic, and has a remarkable capacity for entertaining a *purpose.* She says if the 'crusades' were a failure, then the Pentecost was a failure. She also declares that 'the crusades were not a failure—but the men were!'"

It is a well-known law of history that action and reaction closely follow each other. The speediness with which a great anti-Christian movement provokes a counter movement was well illustrated by the Rev. Dr. Eddy in the paper read by him before the Congregational National Council on the "Signs of an Immediate Outpouring of the Holy Spirit." The anti-Christian reaction of the last century was represented by Voltaire, born 1694, died 1778; Hume, born 1711, died 1776; Rousseau, born 1712, died 1778; Gibbon, born 1737, died 1794; Paine, born 1737, died 1809. The same century witnessed the "great awakening" which was represented by Zinzendorf, born 1700, died 1760; Jonathan Edwards, born 1703, died 1758; John Wesley, born 1703, died 1791; Whitefield, born 1714, died 1770; Brainard, born 1718, died 1747. To these should be added Bishop Butler, born 1692, died 1752, and Archdeacon Paley, born 1743, died 1805.

The biennial meeting of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States will be held in Chicago, October, 1875. Meetings have already been called in that city with a view to making the necessary arrangements.

It will be seen from the following table that the majority of our great Protestant missionary societies are not yet one hundred years old. In Great Britain, the Baptist Missionary Society was organized in 1792, London Missionary Society in 1795, Scottish Missionary Society in 1796, Church Missionary Society in 1800, Wesleyan Missionary Society in 1817, Foreign Mission Scheme of the Church of Scotland in 1824. In Holland, the Netherlands Missionary Society was formed in 1797; in Switzerland, the Evangelical Missionary Society at Basle in 1816; in the United States, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in 1810, American Baptist Missionary Union in 1814, Methodist Missionary Society in 1819, Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1835, Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in 1837.

Another failure of the Prussian government to secure the election of priests by congregations is reported as having occurred in the town of Landsberg, province of Brandenburg. Only eleven persons offered to vote. In a certain contingency the new ecclesiastical laws give the choice of a priest to the congregation; so far the privilege has not been accepted by the parishes.

There are now in Italy 136 Protestant missionary churches, having 104 preachers and 4822 communicants. Of these the Waldensians have 36, the Free Church has 23, the Plymouth Brethren have 32, the English Methodists 27, American Methodists 8, English Baptists 2, and American Baptists 8. Besides these, preaching is maintained by several Protestant bodies in the city of Rome, where, no doubt, numerous Protestant church edifices will in time be built.

The efforts made to establish Protestantism in Spain have been very persistent, and must in time show great results. At present, however, the results are small. Sixteen organizations maintain forty-nine foreign and thirty-two native pastors and evangelists. The average attendance upon all the Sunday services is less than 2000; the average daily attendance on the schools, 1783. There are three evangelical newspapers published at Madrid. One of these, *La Luz* (The Light), was founded by the lamented Carrasco, and edited by him to the time of his death. Another paper is published at Barcelona.

The basis of the "Union Christian Churches" of America has been published. This organization has grown out of a meeting of ministers and laymen of evangelical churches in Cincinnati October 21, 1874. The parties invited to the meeting were Rev. W. B. Wellons, D.D., of the Christian Church, South; Rev. George E. Thrall, editor of the *Church Union*, New York; Rev. T. J. Mellish, Baptist; Rev. W. C. M'Cune, Presbyterian. The basis, which is expressed wholly in the language of the Scriptures, includes the doctrines of the unity of God, the divinity of Christ and His incarnation, the mission of the Spirit, the universal sinfulness of the human race, justification by faith, the final judgment, and future rewards and punishing. The Churches accepting the basis will meet in convention at Suffolk, Virginia, the first Wednesday in May, 1875.

A recent letter of Dr. Jessup, of the Presbyterian mission at Beyrout, acknowledges the growing enmity of the Turks to all foreigners. He says: "Hostility to foreigners, and jealousy of their presence and operations of every description, commercial, educational, and religious, are on the evident increase." It is reported that the government has threatened to close all foreign schools. Dr. Jessup does not believe the report, and yet says that "the Christian world should be prepared for any movement in this direction."

Very numerous petitions have been presented by the Roman Catholics to their bishops praying for the union of the "Holy Heart of Mary with the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the formula of the consecration of France to the latter." They ask this on the ground that "the heart of Mary is the key to the heart of Jesus," and "because they have learned by experience that all graces asked for from the heart of Jesus through the heart of Mary are sure to be granted." What next?

What is called the "Dominical war" still rages in Exeter, England. The collection of this odious church tax is still enforced and still resisted. Bailiffs are put in possession of the property of recusants, but no sales have been effected. In some mysterious way the tax is discharged.

The *Jewish Messenger* rebukes, with great good sense, "the actions of some Catholic priests who publicly at the churches on Sunday advised their parishioners to vote a certain ticket, and other zealous friends of certain candidates for office who circulated among the most ignorant Hebrews a ballot inscribed in the Hebrew language." The *Messenger* very properly objects to this "introduction of religious and race prejudices into a purely political contest."

An important case, involving the limits of pulpit denunciation, has recently been decided in the courts of the Province of Quebec. A Roman Catholic priest in the district of Richelieu was prosecuted for publicly denouncing a person as a keeper of a disorderly house, and directing his people "to ruin and drive him from the place." The case was dismissed by the judge on the ground that the words used being part of a sermon, the defendant was amenable to his ecclesiastical superiors only. The plaintiff appealed to a higher court, which reversed the judgment of the court below. This court held that the judgment which dismissed the action put the priest above the law, and was subversive of the rights of the citizen.

The Mission Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church began its annual meeting at the rooms No. 805 Broadway on Wednesday, November 11. This body is composed of twelve persons, elected by the General Conference, who, with the bishops and the Board of Managers, fix the amount of appropriations for each year. The report of the missionary treasurer showed a net balance in the treasury on November 1, 1874, of $13,288 86, with a balance in letters of credit for foreign missions of $135,104. The balance in the treasury on November 1, 1873, was $42,063, and the receipts from that date to October 31 in the present year were $675,080 32, making a total of $717,144 12. The disbursements during the year were shown to be $703,855 26. This sum was disposed of as follows: Bombay and Bengal Mission, $995 42; Bulgaria Mission, $4321 28; Central China (Kin-Kiang), $8350 92; Denmark, $5783 05; East China (Foo-Chow), $4025 49; Germany and Switzerland, $31,344 78; India, $78,504 46; Italy, $12,735 64; Japan, $15,829 09; Liberia, $9317 41; Mexico, $28,907 14; North China, $7339 10; Norway, $8816 65; South America, $6038 83; Sweden, $21,298 49. This gave the total expenditure for foreign missions as $243,607 75. The amount given to the support of the domestic missions was $409,249 03. The incidental expenses were $16,001; office expenses, $20,010 65; and the cost of the *Missionary Advocate* was $14,986. The receipts from Conferences during the past year showed a decrease of $5756 32 from the amount received during the corresponding part of the previous year. The receipts from legacies in 1873 were $33,453, and during the past year the receipts from the same source were $56,558.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

While in our American metropolis we have been enjoying the most delightful autumn weather, and writers, poetic and prosaic, have descanted upon the glories of the changing forests, the charms of soft Indian summer days, and the long delay of frosty nights, the English metropolis has been sending forth a succession of growls in regard to its despicable autumn weather. We feel that degree of compassion for its unfortunate citizens that we regret not having sent over to them a day or two chosen out of our October or November just as a specimen of the kind of weather we have in America. One or two extracts from a recent London journal will show by contrast our own blessings:

> "In London the autumn enjoys none of the benefits of any of the other seasons; it possesses all their disagreeables and none of their joys....We rise in the morning in the dark yellow fog, cut ourselves in shaving, breakfast by gas-light, each mouthful flavored with smoky atmosphere. The outside air is even worse; all the foulness that has risen up from the great city for weeks past seems to have descended, to cling to the form like a pall, and to fill the lungs with atmospheric poison. Then we have the close, muggy autumn day ....But worse than this is the bright sunshiny day with a treacherous east wind....Alternate cold and heat, drizzle and fog, sleet and sunshine, make up the climate of our unfortunate little island during the autumn months....There is no doubt that, whichever way it is looked at, the British climate in autumn is a mistake, and lucky it is for those who can choose their abode and thus escape it."

Such being the testimony of one who calls London *home*, it becomes Americans to be duly grateful for the ever-varying charms of their own climate.

Mr. Field, a well-known London detective, said to be the original of "Inspector Bucket" in *Bleak House*, has recently died. He often accompanied Dickens in his rambles about London.

The president of the New York Butter and Cheese Exchange lately received a package of Danish butter, which, although it had been packed in tin for more than seventeen months, was in excellent condition. It came from Bolivia, where it had been sent from London, and was accompanied by a note addressed to the New York butter and cheese merchants asking if as good a quality of butter could be produced here. If as good butter could be made here, New York would soon have control of the trade of the South American markets, as the cost was too great to get their butter direct from London. It was decided that butter of as good quality could be made in this country. Arrangements will be made to secure the South American trade, and tin will be used for packing purposes instead of wood.

If there is one thing more disagreeable than another after taking a brisk evening walk, it is to enter a room filled with the suffocating fumes of kerosene oil. In the city, where gas is universally used, we escape the misery; but in the country it is a common infliction. The inmates of the room may be unconscious of it, or have become accustomed to the unwholesome odor. The pernicious practice of using lamps filled with kerosene, and having the *wick turned down too low*, is usually the cause of the suffocating fumes; the gas which should be consumed by the flame passes into the atmosphere. It is unnecessary to say that using kerosene in this way is a most unhealthy practice. Only *good* oil should be burned, and the wick should always be raised to a proper height.

So many applications have been made by Englishmen for appointments in Feejee that if all are satisfied by receiving what they desire, or a substitute, the British government must look around for a much more extensive measure of annexation in the Pacific than that of the Feejee group.

An exchange assures us that grasshoppers are excellent for food; that when killed by boiling water and then fried in butter they are very palatable. Why were not the Western sufferers converted to that opinion last summer? It might have saved much suffering by limiting the plague.

The mail agent on the Belvidere Delaware Railroad, between Philadelphia and Manunka Chunk, a distance of one hundred miles, has had charge of the route without relief since November 1, 1867. He has made six round trips a week from the Philadelphia Post-office to Manunka Chunk and return, and during the entire period has lost but two days, and these were on account of the death of his father. A Pennsylvania paper thus sums up his travels: "From November 1, 1867, till May 1, 1874, except the two days above noted, he has run every day except Sundays, or 2028 days, accomplishing in that time a distance of 405,600 miles, equal to nearly seventeen trips around the earth. We consider this a remarkable case of devotion to duty, and one without a parallel, at least in the postal service."

Mlle. Patti is reported to have had in Paris a narrow escape while performing Marguerite in *Faust*. A scene fell on her head, and would have seriously injured her but for the thick wig she wore. She merely experienced a little giddiness, from which she recovered in a quarter of an hour.

Contributions for the annual Thanksgiving tables at the Five Points House of Industry are desired by the trustees. During the past year that institution has given shelter to 1111 persons, and distributed to the needy 400,000 meals, 5000 articles of clothing, and 1200 pairs of shoes.

Newspapers do not appear to be any cheaper in these days than in olden times. In 1740 London had a daily evening paper entitled *The Evening Post*, and sold at one farthing. We will venture to say, however, that the *Evening Posts* of the present day contain five times as much good reading matter.

"The destruction of four Boston ships," says the Boston *Journal*, "the *Sierra Nevada*, *Pocahontas*, *Mogus*, and *Centaur*, within so short a time, and all from spontaneous combustion, has created no little stir in the commercial community." All these vessels were carrying soft coal from England to ports in the Pacific, and it is probable the coal contained much more than the usual quantity of gas, against which it is always necessary to take precautions.

Florida abounds in tropical fruits. The orange, lemon, lime, citron, peach, grape, fig, pomegranate, plum, olive, banana, pine-apple, and all kinds of berries flourish there. So also the guava, tamarind, plantain, cocoa-nut, date, almond, and the wonderful alligator pear.

Among interesting items of art news from Paris we see it stated that at the Manufacture des Gobelins there are six fine pieces of tapestry, just out of the loom, that are to aid in the decoration of that wonderful place, the new Opera. Being specially designed for the ornamentation of the refreshment-room, the subjects are, "Wine," a peasant woman pressing the juice of a bunch of grapes into a jar; "Fruit," a Spaniard plucking oranges; "The Chase," a Diana, robed in purple, holding a bow and a dead bird; "Fishing," an allegorical personage with a shell; "Pastry," a young girl carrying a basket of cakes through a corn field; and "Tea," a Chinese woman dropping the precious plant leaf by leaf into a porcelain tea-pot.

At the Palais des Beaux Arts there are now on exhibition twenty-eight models in plaster for the Lamartine monument to be erected at Macon.

The works of many modern painters, such as Delaroche, Delacroix, Horace Vernet, and Ingres, have been transported from the Luxembourg to the Louvre, where they are to occupy the suit of rooms facing the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

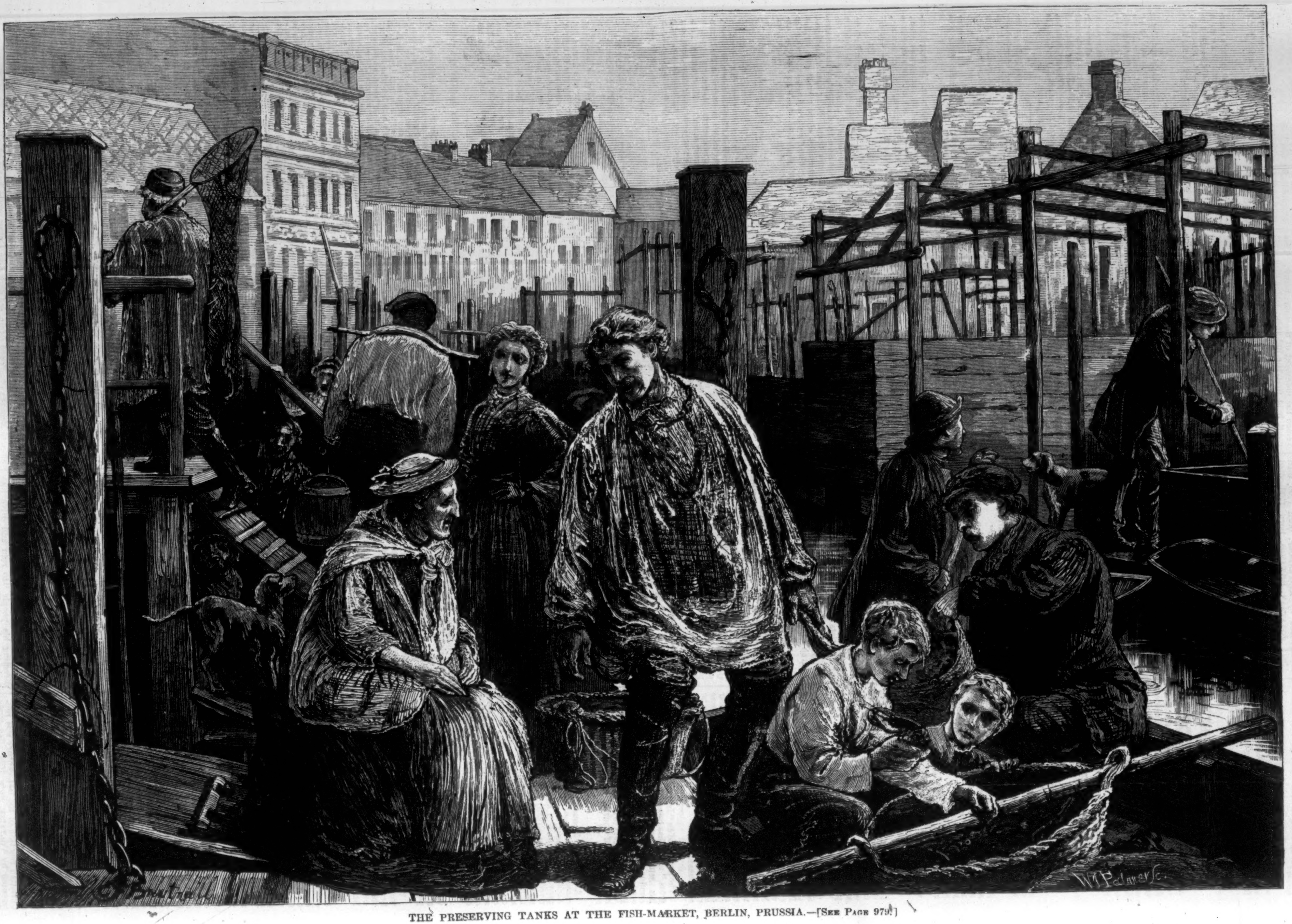
A minister of one of the parish churches in the island of Skye occupies the pulpit which his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather have filled in succession, and he is training a son to be his successor.

Every body has heard of Isabelle, the flower-girl of the Paris Jockey Club, who never sells flowers, but only gives them. To be sure, no one ever thought of receiving her flowers without some substantial acknowledgment. And so she has made quite a little fortune. Some paid in money, some in jewelry; and she has over 500 different pieces of jewelry given by the highest personages of many nations. Isabelle is a portly middle-aged woman, and very plain. But she is honest and virtuous. Her fortune and diamonds have been won by smiles, but nothing more. It has been the fashion to give to her, and every one has given.

"Every body's aunt" is thus described by a visitor to a camp-meeting:

> "And there is a mother in Israel, cushioned as to her chin, and a face as pleasant and hospitable as an open fire on Thanksgiving-day. At $100 a pound—and nothing could be cheaper—she would be worth $20,000, for she weighs two hundred. Her hat is a 'bunnet.' It shoots out a little in front, like a young scoop-shovel; it curls up a little behind, like a young wren. She wears about as many hoops as a stone jar. .....A cape without fringe or adornment has fallen upon her like the mantle of the prophet, and envelops her shoulders and her arms even to the elbows.... That face of hers beams with goodness and good-will. You want her to be your aunt, as she can not be your mother. You would be glad to sit by her kitchen fire and hear her talk, and she would be precisely as glad to have you. Her easy, cushiony way of walking suggests a gentle old chaise with the top up. She is enjoying every minute of the time. She is a Methodist of the old school, and she needs no assurance from you that she will go to heaven. She has it from better authority."

A new chapter in the Tichborne romance comes from the Sandwich Islands. A correspondent of the Honolulu *Advertiser*, writing from Hilo, states that he believes he has discovered in that vicinity the man who saw Sir Roger die, and who buried him on Sidney Island, in the South Pacific Ocean. The man is an Englishman named Claridge. About 1854 he landed from a ship at Rotuma, and remained on that island until he went on board a fishing schooner named the *Annie*, where he was engaged to take charge of a sick gentleman, who had been rescued, with one companion, from a boat near the river Piatte. When the schooner reached Sidney Island, Claridge and a few others landed to pursue the fishery, and the sick man, at his own request, was also put on shore, with every thing the vessel afforded for his comfort. The *Annie* sailed away, intending to return in a few days, but it never appeared, and was supposed to be lost. The sick man grew worse, and after writing a paper, which he gave to Claridge, charging him to make it public when he got to a civilized land, he told him that he was Sir Roger Tichborne. He also revealed other facts in regard to himself and family. Eighteen days after landing he died. Claridge was taken from Sidney Island two years afterward by a French vessel, and he showed the paper to the captain, but it met with no attention, and afterward it was lost, with other papers, by the upsetting of a boat. Such is the story of the man who believes he buried Sir Roger Tichborne on Sidney Island in the early part of 1855.



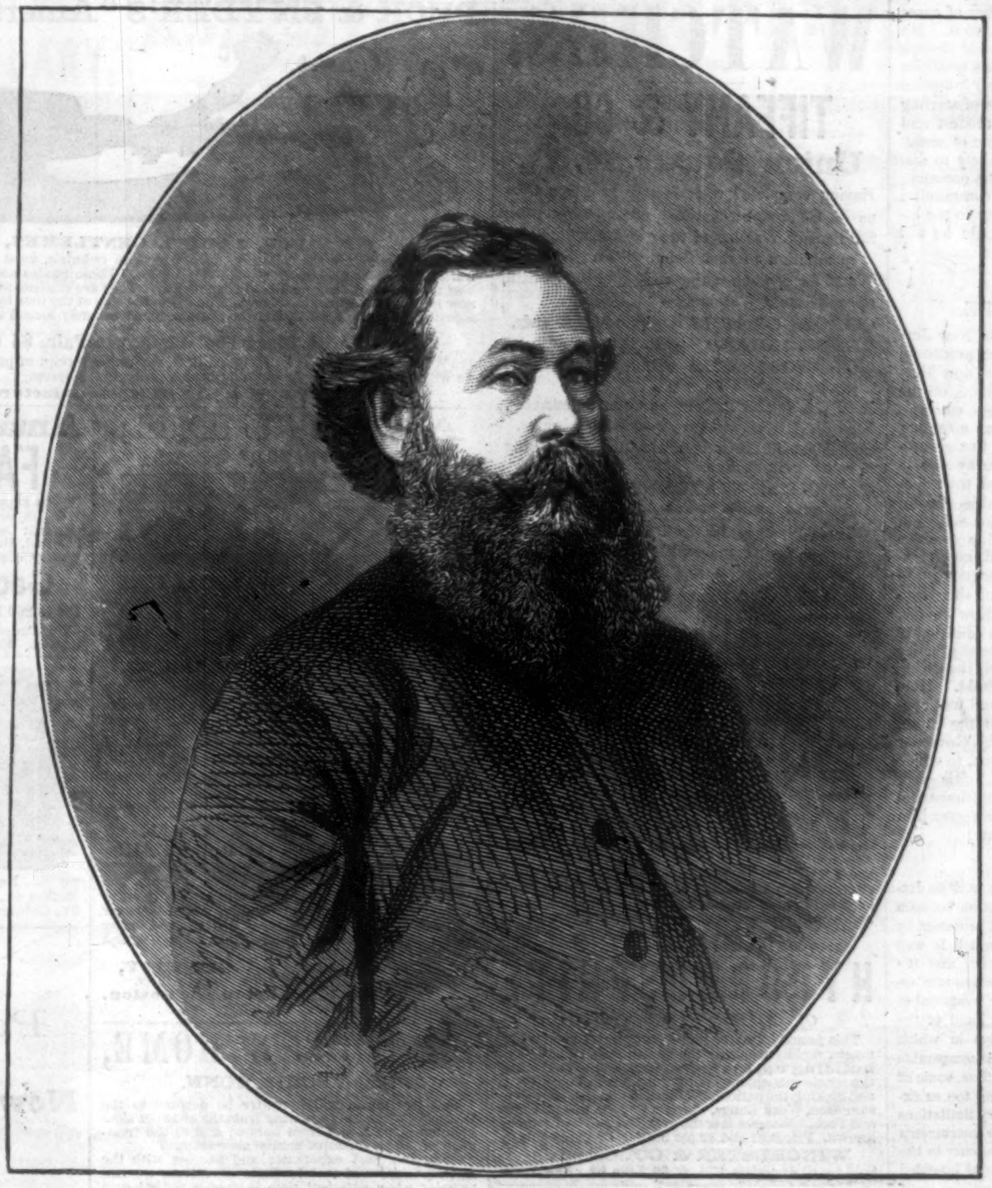
THE PRESERVING TANKS AT THE FISH-MARKET, BERLIN, PRUSSIA.—[See Page 979.]

REV. W. H. MILBURN.

THE Rev. WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN, known wherever the English language is spoken as the "blind man eloquent," was born in Philadelphia on the 26th of September, 1823. In early childhood he lost the sight of one eye totally, and of the other partially. He was determined, however, to obtain a good education and fit himself for usefulness in life; and his career affords a remarkable example of the triumph of a strong will over apparently insuperable obstacles. "Time was," he said, in an address delivered in 1855, "when after a fashion I could read, but never with that flashing glance which instantly transfers a word, a line, a sentence, from the page to the mind. It was a perpetuation of the child's process, a letter at a time, always spelling, never reading truly. Thus for more than twenty years, with the shade upon the brow, the hand upon the cheek, the finger beneath the eye, to make an artificial pupil, with the beaded sweat joining with the hot tears trickling from the weak and paining organ, was my reading done." By great exertions, studying at leisure moments while employed as clerk in a store in Illinois, he fitted for college, and passed through the four years' course with honor, but at the cost of his health. At the age of twenty he entered the ministry in the Methodist Episcopal Church; and in the course of twelve years' itinerancy he occupied fields in almost every part of the Union. During this time he traveled over 200,000 miles in the discharge of his clerical duties, and every where impressed his hearers by the modesty and amiability of his manner, and his extraordinary eloquence as a preacher and lecturer.

In 1853 he left the circuit, on account of the great inconvenience it entailed upon him, and came to reside in New York city. Since that time he has chiefly followed the profession of a public lecturer, in which he has met with remarkable success. In 1859 he visited Europe in company with Bishop SIMPSON and the Rev. Dr. M'CLINTOCK, and delivered lectures in the principal cities of England to crowded and delighted audiences. Mr. MILBURN has also been successful as an author. A volume of his lectures published in 1857, under the title of *Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-bags*, had a large sale. His *Ten Years of Preacher Life* was issued in 1859, and *The Pioneers and People of the Mississippi Valley* in 1860.

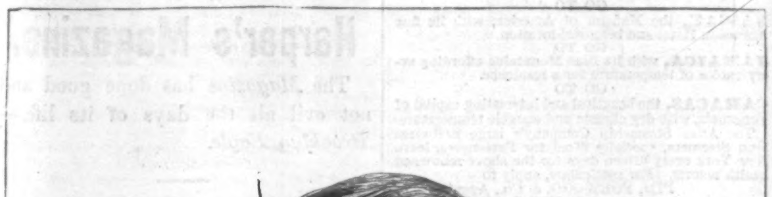
It is hardly necessary to enlarge upon Mr. MILBURN's talents as a lecturer, so well is he known to the most cultivated and appreciative circles in every State of the Union. Wherever he is announced to speak he is certain of a large and enthusiastic audience.



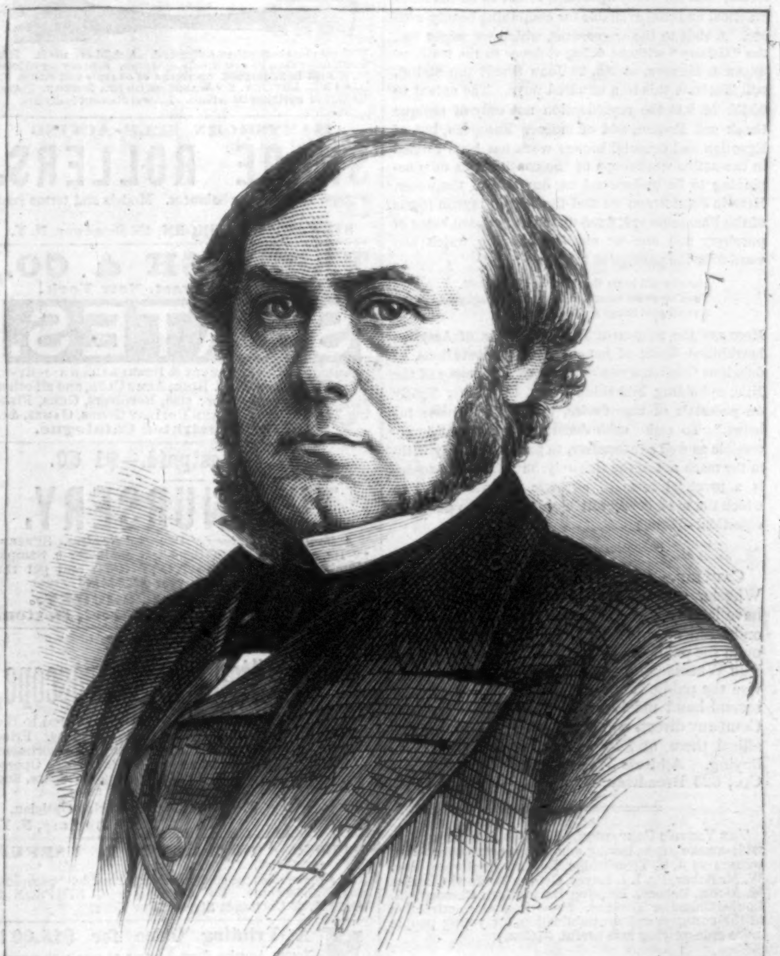
THE REV. W. H. MILBURN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. BARNES, MOBILE, ALABAMA.]

HON. WILLIAM GASTON.

THE Hon. WILLIAM GASTON, of Boston, who has just been elected Governor of Massachusetts, was born at Killingly, Connecticut, October 3, 1820. His parents were sturdy, well-to-do New England people, and young GASTON enjoyed every advantage of early education afforded in the neighborhood of his own home. He entered Brown University when about eighteen years of age, and passed through the four years' course with credit, displaying fidelity and industry rather than brilliancy or exceptional ability. While he was in college his parents moved to Roxbury, Massachusetts, now known as the Highlands of Boston, and after graduating he made his home with them, and studied law in the office of the late Judge B. R. CURTIS, of Boston. On completing his studies and gaining admission to the bar he opened an office in Roxbury, and devoted himself to his profession with characteristic energy and industry, winning an enviable success. He remained in Roxbury until 1867, and had at that time become the recognized leader of the bar of Norfolk County. He was Mayor of Roxbury in 1861 and 1862, and was always held in the highest esteem by the citizens of that place. On removing to Boston, in 1867, he formed a partnership with the Hon. HARVEY JEWELL and Mr. W. A. FIELD, a connection which still continues. He was a member of the State Senate in 1868, and has been several times an unsuccessful candidate for Congress. In 1871 he was elected Mayor of Boston on a "citizens' ticket," and in 1872 was re-elected with very little opposition from any quarter. He proved himself an efficient executive officer, and gave very general satisfaction. In 1873 he was run by the Democrats of the State for the office of Governor, and was defeated by Mr. WASHBURN, the Republican nominee, by about 12,500 majority. This year he was nominated again unanimously and by acclamation. Mr. GASTON is a Democrat of moderate and liberal views, and has never permitted politics to interfere seriously with the practice of his profession. While a candidate for office he has, as a rule, continued undisturbed at his business, and allowed others to do the talking. As a lawyer he has been a hard worker, and has displayed a large share of ability, being especially successful before juries. Few lawyers



THE HON. WILLIAM GASTON, GOVERNOR ELECT OF MASSACHUSETTS.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON.]



THE HON. JOSEPH D. BEDLE, GOVERNOR ELECT OF NEW JERSEY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUBELMAN, JERSEY CITY.—[SEE PAGE 982.]

have been engaged in a greater number of cases or been more generally successful in them. He is a graceful and persuasive speaker, and though appearing seldom in public, possesses qualities that would give him great power and influence in popular assemblies. He is a man of sterling integrity and purity of life, and is modest and retiring almost to shyness. In a time of emergency or trouble he would not be likely to display the great qualities required for the occasion, but in a peaceful and law-abiding community, requiring sound judgment and fidelity to the interests of the people, there is no doubt he will prove an efficient executive officer.

THE HON. J. D. BEDLE.

THIS gentleman, Governor elect of New Jersey, whose portrait is given on the preceding page, was born at Middletown Point (now Matawan), Monmouth County, in that State, on the 3d of January, 1831. His ancestors came to this country from Bermuda more than a century and a half ago, and the graves of five generations of the family may be seen side by side in the old burying-ground in Holmdel township. Very early in life he evinced a predilection for the study of law, and entered the Law School at Ballston, in this State, where in due time he graduated with honor, was licensed, and commenced practice in this city. Subsequently, in 1850, he entered the law office of the Hon. WILLIAM L. DAYTON, at Trenton, New Jersey, where he completed his studies, was admitted to the bar of New Jersey, and commenced practice at Matawan, where he remained until the spring of 1855, when he removed to Freehold. Here he rose rapidly to a high position, and was considered one of the ablest lawyers in the State. In March, 1865, he was appointed by Governor PARKER a Judge of the Superior Court, to which position he was re-appointed in 1872. His great legal attainments, clear judgment, and impartial discharge of the duties of his position gave him a high reputation throughout the State.

THE Count de Laborde, in his masterly work on decorative arts in industry, makes a distinction between the artistic capabilities of the two great processes by which metals are artistically treated, which is well worthy of consideration. "The foundry and the chisel," he says, "have their limits. The hammer has none." There can be no doubt that the treatment of metal reduced to sheets by the skillful hand of the hammerer, has produced from the days in which Homer so marvelously described the incomparable "shield of Achilles" down to our own time, some of the most exquisite creations, as enduring too as exquisite, of human genius. But the very limitations of the foundry and the chisel made these instruments on the whole quite as valuable as the hammer in the fabrication of ornamental articles in metal intended for specific uses—for the use of such articles itself limits them. A cup must be a vessel suitable to drink from, a clock must support the time-piece in a position which shall make it visible, a candlestick must somewhere permit the candle it is to uphold, to be fairly placed: so that for such purposes bronze, the creature of what Ruskin contemptuously calls "the igneous forces," has for many ages been found to be the most practical material available for combining beauty with use. A visit to the warerooms, which we might call the "Gallery" without doing violence to the truth, of STARR & MARCUS, at No. 22 John Street (up stairs), will illustrate this in a hundred ways. The extent to which of late the reproduction not only of antique Greek and Roman, and of modern European, but of Egyptian and Oriental bronze work has been carried in the active workshops of the continent is only beginning to be understood on our side of the water. Here in John Street we find the solemn mystic forms of the Pharaonic age, fixed upon richly tinted bases of porphyry and ancient marbles, keeping watch and ward over the passage of the hours:

> "The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,
> The slow sweet hours that bring us all things good,
> And all good things from evil."

Here are the shapes of Isis and Osiris, of Assyrian hawkbilled Gods, of haughty Roman centurions, of delicious Grecian nymphs, of swart Princesses of the Nile, upholding branching lights, or poising lightly on pedestals of rare device, their own "excuse for being." To make such decorative work as this accessible as well as attractive, to put such beauty within the reach not of the rich only, but of the well-to-do is a practical form of æsthetic "communism" to which the most conservative of mortals can make no objection.—[*Com.*]

CAUTION.—On account of the popularity of the Wheeler and Wilson Sewing-Machines, parties have largely engaged in purchasing old and second-hand machines of that make, and imposed upon the public by selling them as new machines. The Wheeler and Wilson Company begs to advise the public that any one desiring to buy their second-hand machines can be supplied by that Company direct, on better terms than others can afford them, and be assured of what they are buying. Address WHEELER & WILSON M'F'G Co., 625 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, of Boston, is a thoroughly wide-awake paper, having among its contributors such writers as J. T. Trowbridge, Edward Eggleston, Rev. W. M. Baker, Dr. I. I. Hayes, George M. Towle, Louisa M. Alcott, Rebecca Harding Davis, Ruth Chesterfield, Louise Chandler Moulton. No writers more attractive in the country, and no publication for young people more enterprising and useful.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

200 **DECALCOMANIE Pictures** and 60 pp. Catalogue, 25 cts. J. J. GOULD, Boston, Mass.

WATCHES.

TIFFANY & CO.,
Union Square, N. Y.,

Having completed their factory at Place Cornavin, Geneva, Switzerland, are now receiving full lines of Watches of their own manufacture.

In addition to their Stem-winding Standard Watch for gentlemen, they offer a full assortment of complicated Watches.

CHRONOGRAPHS marking fifth seconds,
CHRONOGRAPHS with split seconds,
CHRONOGRAPHS with split and independent seconds,
REPEATERS striking hours and 5 minutes,
REPEATERS striking hours and minutes,
SELF-ACTING REPEATERS striking hours and quarters,
CALENDAR WATCHES showing day of the week, month, and changes of the moon.

Their Watches for Ladies are of the same system as their standard Watch, are thoroughly adjusted to temperature and position, are stronger, and of much higher grade and finish than any before offered for ladies' use.

Silver Watches for Boys, fine movements, in very desirable sizes, both stem and key winders.

All inquiries by mail will receive prompt and comprehensive replies.

A Famous
VITALIZING
TONIC

and **INVIGORATOR,** and a prompt and radical cure for General Debility, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Mental and Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Flesh, and Appetite, and Weakness of every description.

WINCHESTER'S
HYPOPHOSPHITE
of Lime and Soda.

This famous **Tonic** and **Invigorator** acts like magic, rapidly restoring the Health and Strength, and **building up, invigorating,** and **vitalizing** the whole system, imparting Tone, Vigor, and Energy, and making the patient feel like a new being. For Consumption, Weak Lungs, Chronic Coughs, and all Chest and Throat Diseases it is the grandest and best remedy known. Prices $1 and $2 per bottle. Prepared only by

WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists,
Sold by all druggists. 36 John St., New York.

BABIES.

All articles for young children. Ask to see the new shirred Velvet Bonnet.

EDWARD A. MORRISON,
893 BROADWAY and 13 E. 19th St.

LOVEJOY'S NEW STYLE GLASS CUTTER AND PUTTY KNIFE

Will cut glass better than a diamond. A child can use it. It is worth more than its cost if only used once. Sent to your address in a neat box, prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents and stamp, by ALVAN L. LOVEJOY, 229 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS. Beware of worthless imitations. Liberal discount to dealers.

HARTSHORN SELF-ACTING
SHADE ROLLERS.

☞ No cords or balances. Models and terms sent to trade.

STEWART HARTSHORN, 486 Broadway, N. Y.

T. B. FISH & CO.,
132 Nassau Street, New York.

SKATES.

AMERICAN CLUB, BARNEY & BERRY'S CLUB AND RINK, NEW YORK CLUB, N. Y. RINK, ACME CLUB, and all other styles, *at reduced prices;* also, Revolvers, Guns, Fishing Tackle, SPORTING AND HOLIDAY GOODS, GAMES, &c. **Send for Illustrated Catalogue.**

1875.—Postpaid.—$1 60.

THE NURSERY.

A Monthly Magazine for Youngest Readers. SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED. ☞ Send ten cents for a Sample Number. **Subscribe NOW** (1874) and get the last two numbers of this year **FREE!**

JOHN L. SHOREY,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

THE
Standard Microscope,

The most powerful ever offered to the public. Magnifies 10,000 areas. Price only $5 00. Also, a complete assortment of Mathematical Instruments, Opera-Glasses, Telescopes, Pebble Specs, and Eye-Glasses at reduced rates.

B. KAHN, Manufacturing Optician,
703 Broadway, N. Y.

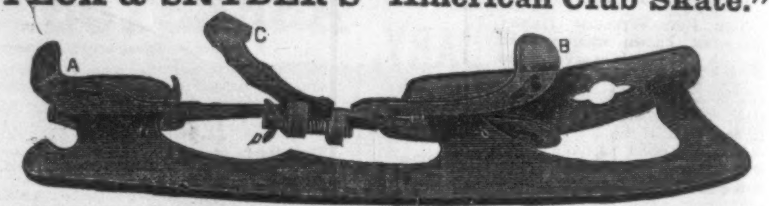
NEW, ATTRACTIVE, USEFUL GOODS.—Never canvassed; splendid terms; loss impossible; unsold goods returnable. Samples, postpaid, 50 cents. ☞ Circulars free. SIMPSON & SMITH, 66 Cortlandt Street, New York.

A Printing Office for $15.00!

Young America Press, 3 founts of type with spaces, two cases, composing stick, leads, ink, furniture, tweezers, &c. Address JOS. WATSON, 73 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., or 53 Murray St., New York. Send for Circular.

WANTED.—A case of either Diabetes, Gravel, Inflammation of Kidneys and Bladder, or Brick Dust Deposit, that "Constitution Water" will not cure. Dose 40 drops. For sale by all druggists.

PECK & SNYDER'S "American Club Skate."



FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN, OR BOYS.

We manufacture the following sizes, which, in ordering, must correspond with the length of the shoe worn: 8—8½—9—9½—10—10½—11—11½ inches. These Skates are made of the best material and in the best manner, requiring no Heel-Plates or Key. They are conceded by experts to be the most desirable skate now in market. Adjust the clamps A and B to the size of the foot by turning the thumb-screw D; when once adjusted, close the lever C, and the skate becomes securely locked to the foot.

	Full Polished.	Nickel-Plated.
Price, with Blued Foot-Plate, per Pair, $5 00.	$7 00.	$9 00.

We will send samples by Express, C. O. D.; or, on receipt of price, with 25 cents additional for postage, we will send them by mail, securely boxed, postpaid. Address

PECK & SNYDER, Manufacturers, 126 Nassau Street, N. Y.

AVILUDE;
OR GAME OF

A NEW EDITION JUST ISSUED.
ONLY 50 CENTS A GAME.

"My papa never buys us games," said a child sadly. We are SURE he would if he knew he could get a GOOD [illegible] for fifty cents. Tell him to send for Avilude; if he is not satisfied he may return the game and WE will return the money.——"Must have a large sale, and deserves it, too."—Harper's Weekly. Don't forget to send 3-cent stamp for a catalogue of all games we publish.

WEST & LEE GAME CO., WORCESTER, MASS.

LOVEJOY'S METALLIC
WEATHER HOUSES

Indicate the changes in the weather, and are pretty mantel ornaments. The little lady appears in fair and the man in stormy weather, and they never make mistakes. Sent prepaid to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of $2 00 (Two), by

ALVAN L. LOVEJOY,
Proprietor & Manufacturer,
229 Washington St., Boston.

Special price to dealers.

DR. FOOTE'S HOME,
STAMFORD, CONN.

This institution will hereafter be devoted to the treatment of patients suffering from the abuse of alcoholic stimulants, and from opium; and to the treatment of milder forms of mental aberration.

From our past experience and success with the *Homeopathic treatment* in these affections, we can promise, when sufficient time is given, a radical cure in all cases where the patient has desire for recovery.

Terms, for inebriates, $20 to $30 a week. For further particulars, address GEO. F. FOOTE, M.D.

HOW TO ESCAPE THE WINTER.

GO TO
NASSAU, the Madeira of America, with its fine American Hotel and beautiful location.
GO TO
JAMAICA, with its Blue Mountains affording every choice of temperature for a residence.
GO TO
CARACAS, the beautiful and interesting capital of Venezuela, with dry climate and equable temperature.

The Atlas Steamship Company's large first-class Iron Steamers, specially fitted for Passengers, leave New York every fifteen days for the above renowned health resorts. For particulars, apply to

PIM, FORWOOD, & Co., Agents,
56 Wall Street, New York.

Clarke's
New Method for Piano-Forte.

Endorsed by the Musical, Educational and general Press, and by Good Teachers, to be
Beyond all Comparison the Best
to be had at Book and Music stores.
Sent by Mail, Price, $3.75.

LEE & WALKER, } 922 Chestnut St.
PHILADELPHIA.

Imitation Gold Watches and CHAINS, at $15, $20, and $25. Each Chain $2 to $12 to match. Jewelry of the same sent C.O.D. by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular. *No Agents.* COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

Offers to and will give to every Subscriber, whether Single or in a Club, who pays in advance for 1875, and remits direct to this office,

A Copy of "THE RESCUE,"

the Handsomest Chromo ever offered. Terms, $3 00 per annum. For Circulars containing terms for Clubs, &c., address L. A. GODEY,
N. E. Cor. Sixth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

FIELD, Opera, Marine, Tourist's, and general out-door day and night Double Perspective Glasses, of extraordinary power and wide field of observation. Eye-glasses and Spectacles to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing effect of frequent changes. Catalogue sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, Oculist's Optician, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

PRESS

STAR JOB PRINTING-PRESS.
The Best Invented.
Price, $12, $25, $38, & $60.
Send stamp for Catalogue, to W. Y. EDWARDS, Agent, 16 College Place, N. Y.

Jolly Evenings, taking Silhouette Portraits. Easy, amusing, artistic. Directions and materials 50c., postpaid, by addressing **Popular Art Rooms,** Boston, Mass.

THE TOLL-GATE! **Prize Picture** sent free! An ingenious gem! **50** objects to find! Address, with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Amateur Workers in
FANCY WOODS

Can be supplied with the following HARD and RARE WOODS, planed ready for use, in ⅛, 3/16, ¼, ⅜ inch and upward: Cash to accompany orders. Rosewood, Satin-wood, Holly, Walnut, Mahogany, Ebony, Red and White Cedar, Bird's-eye Maple, &c.

Geo. W. Read & Co.,
186 to 200 Lewis St., foot 5th & 6th Sts., E. R., N. Y.

☞ Orders by mail will have prompt and careful attention. Enclose stamp for Catalogue and Price-List.

Do your own Printing with a
NOVELTY PRESS.
The Best Yet Invented.
For Amateur or Business Purposes, and unsurpassed for general Job Printing. Over 10,000 in Use.

BENJ. O. WOODS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in every description of
PRINTING MATERIAL,
349 Federal and 152 Kneeland Sts., Boston.

AGENTS—E. F. MacKusick, 6 Murray St., New York. Kelley, Howell & Ludwig, 917 Market St., Philadelphia. S. P. Rounds, 175 Munroe St., Chicago. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

1875.

Postage Free.

Now is the Time to Subscribe TO

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.

The *Magazine* has done good and not evil all the days of its life.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Harper's Weekly.

The ablest and most powerful illustrated periodical in this country.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Harper's Bazar.

The organ of the great world of fashion.—*Boston Traveller.*

TERMS for 1875.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year....	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year....	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year....	4 00

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, to any Subscriber in the United States, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: *postage prepaid by the Publishers.*

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be sent gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: postage prepaid by the Publishers.*

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM of ART,
No. 128 West 14th St., New York.

The Museum will be open daily, Sundays excepted, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Gallery of Pictures by old masters; Loan collection of Pictures and other art objects; Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities. Admission 25 cents. Mondays FREE. Catalogues can be had at the Museum.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY—At the Union Telegraph Co.'s College. Small salary paid while practicing. Address, with stamp, C. A. SHERMAN,
Sup't U. T. Co., Oberlin, Ohio.

THE FAVORED SCHOLAR

ROGERS' STATUARY,

FOR HOUSE AND LAWN.

Inclose 10 cents for Catalogue and prints, to

JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR DECEMBER, 1874.

Contents:

THE ANCIENT CITY. (St. Augustine.)
With Twenty-five Illustrations.
THE COMING TRANSIT OF VENUS. By Prof. Simon Newcomb.
With Seven Illustrations.
DECORATIVE ART AND ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.—(*Third Paper.*) By Moncure D. Conway.
With Thirteen Illustrations.
THE BALLAD OF BREAKNECK.
With Two Illustrations.
RAPE OF THE GAMP.
With an Illustration by Fredericks.
PINE BARRENS.
THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.—(*Second Paper.*) Mechanical Progress. By Edward H. Knight.
With Thirty-six Illustrations.
A CHARACTER MASK. By Justin McCarthy.
THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.—(*Fourteenth Paper.*) By Emilio Castelar.
"ON THE CIRCUIT."
THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST. By the Rev. Wm. M. Baker.
GENESIS OF THE NEW ENGLAND CHURCHES.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.
EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD.
EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

With the December Number Harper's Magazine enters upon its Fiftieth Volume.

This Number contains over Eighty excellent Engravings.

There is not a dull page between its covers.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson contributes the first part of an exceedingly bright and interesting paper on St. Augustine, profusely illustrated, in which romance is blended with humorous sketches of character and picturesque description.

Professor Newcomb, in an amply illustrated paper, describes the observations of the Transit of Venus, and shows their connection with the determination of the Sun's distance.

Mr. Conway's third paper on Decorative Art in England, beautifully illustrated, describes the Townsend House, L. Alma Tadema's residence, recently wrecked by the great gunpowder explosion; shows what tints on walls best suit pictures; and devotes considerable space to the Morris wall-papers.

In "The First Century of the Republic," the department of Mechanical Progress is taken up by Mr. E. H. Knight, whose able review is embellished with thirty-six illustrations. This department of the Series will occupy three or four papers, covering the important inventions of the century.

Señor Castelar's papers are continued.

Mr. Mason's vigorous serial story, "Rape of the Gamp," grows more interesting with every installment. It is splendidly illustrated by Fredericks.

An exceedingly interesting historical paper, entitled "Genesis of the New England Churches," describes the rise of Puritanism in England and the persecutions of the Non-conformists in the time of Elizabeth.

Short stories are contributed by Justin McCarthy, Fannie Hodgson Burnett, and Rev. Wm. M. Baker.

Mr. Curtis in the "Easy Chair" discusses English Non-conformity and Prof. Tyndall's address; the argument for a National University; model cook-books and manuals of Deportment; Public Life in America; and the Prussian King's recent Military Order concerning Duels.

The "Editor's Scientific Record" is the only complete monthly summary of scientific progress published.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: Postage free.

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: Postage free.*

The Volumes of the Magazine commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the Weekly and Bazar commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

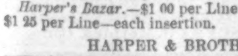
In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of Harper & Brothers is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

Terms for Advertising in Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



W. L. HAYDEN, Teacher of Guitar and Flute. Agent for *Tilton's Patent Guitars*, the best in use. Dealer in Musical Instruments, Music and Strings. Catalogues free.
120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Terms free. Address Geo. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

ASBESTOS ROOFING PAINT

A strictly first-class article, superior body, rich color, contains no tar or cheap oils.

Old Shingle, Tin, and other Roofs can be made water-tight, and rendered serviceable for many years with H. W. JOHNS' PATENT ASBESTOS ROOFING PAINT AND ASBESTOS CEMENT.

ASBESTOS ROOFING, for Steep or Flat Roofs, in all Climates.

ASBESTOS PAINTS, all colors, for general purposes, in cans, kegs, and barrels.
ASBESTOS BOILER FELTING, Sheathing and Lining Felts, general Roofing Materials, &c.

These materials are prepared ready for use, and can be easily applied by any one. Send for Descriptive Pamphlets, Price-Lists, Instructions, &c. **LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS to GENERAL MERCHANTS and DEALERS.**

☞ CAUTION.—The public are hereby cautioned against purchasing or using any materials for the above or similar purposes, purporting to contain **ASBESTOS,** unless they bear our name and dates of patents.

Patentee and Sole Manufacturer, } **H. W. JOHNS, 87 Maiden Lane, N.Y.**
Established 1858.

WE can sell these First-Class Pianos for Two Hundred and Ninety Dollars, because we employ no agents and allow no discount to dealers—they swindle you out of more than twice the real cost of all Pianos. During the past 7 years we have sold our Pianos to over 1,000 families, in every section of every State and Territory in the Union. There is not a county, or a prominent town where they are not in use, and hundreds of small towns everywhere also have them. If you will send for our Catalogue, containing 15 solid columns in fine type, of the names and residences of prominent citizens, including members of Congress and many influential and wealthy bankers and merchants everywhere, who are using our Pianos—you will be sure to find some of them at your very door, in your own or some adjoining town, where you can see and try our Pianos.

We send them anywhere within 1,000 miles of New York for 10 days' trial and if not satisfactory no payment is required.

We are a responsible incorporated company, and refer by permission to the Chemical National Bank of New York City, which any Bank in the United States will satisfy you is by far the strongest Bank in America. We make this statement to prove that our 5 years' warrant guarantees our Pianos to be fully equal to any Piano in the world at any price

PRICE $290.
U.S. PIANO CO. N.Y.

Sturtevant House,
New York,
Sept. 15, 1874

To whom it may concern.—We have used the U. S. Pianos for the past six years.

We have two of them in our public parlors.

In our opinion there is no Piano more durable or possessing superior musical qualities.

LEWIS & GEO. S. LELAND.

Please write us, and you will receive not only our Illustrated Circular containing full particulars, but also a written reply to all questions from some officer of our Company in person. Please state where you saw this notice.

Address, United States Piano Co., 810 Broadway, New York.

Cut Paper Patterns
of
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
in
HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are Graded to Fit any Figure, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. Printed Directions accompany each Pattern. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. V.	
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)	No. 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt	" 39
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)	" 50
Vol. VI.	
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)	" 13
SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT	" 15
BLOUSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 28
LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING OR GYMNASTIC SUIT	" 30
PLEATED WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 32
DOUBLE-BREASTED JOCKEY BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 32
ENGLISH WALKING JACKET SUIT	" 39
DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT, with Basque Back and Square Front	" 43
TIGHT-FITTING DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE, with French Round Skirt	" 45
DOUBLE-BREASTED PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron Front and Square Back Over-skirt and Long Walking Skirt	" 47
DOLMAN DEMI-TRAINED SUIT	" 48
WATER-PROOF CLOAK, with Cape and Sleeves	" 50
TIGHT-FITTING SINGLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE HOUSE DRESS	" 50
BOY'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat with Cape, Jacket, Vest, Knee Pantaloons, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 52
Vol. VII.	
YOUTH'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat, Double-Breasted English Walking Coat, Double-Breasted Vest, and Suspender Pantaloons (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 1
ENGLISH BASQUE, LONG OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 11
HENRI TROIS POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 13
HENRI TROIS BASQUE, with Greek Over-skirt and French Round Skirt	" 15
MEDICIS SACQUE, with Demi Over-skirt and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 17
MEDICIS BASQUE, with Apron Front Over-Skirt and Long Walking Skirt	" 19
VALOIS DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 21
LADY'S RIDING HABIT (Postillion Basque and English Riding Skirt)	" 22
BELTED BASQUE, with Long Apron and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 23
GIRL'S BASQUE, with Apron Front Over-skirt, and Skirt (for girl from 4 to 13 years old)	" 25
PLAIN BASQUE, LONG APRON with SCARF BACK, and DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT	" 27
CUIRASS BASQUE, ROUND APRON, AND DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT	" 33
LADY'S GABRIELLE WRAPPER	" 35
FRENCH SACQUE, AND DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT with Pleated Back	" 41
ENGLISH CUIRASS, OVER-SKIRT WITH POCKETS, AND WALKING SKIRT	" 41
CUIRASS POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 43
ENGLISH SACQUE, with Long Apron-Front and Clinging Demi-Trained Skirt	" 48

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Money Made Rapidly with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues, Samples and full particulars **Free.** S. M. Spencer, 117 Hanover St., Boston.

$10 A DAY. Employment for all. Patent Novelties. Geo. L. Felton & Co., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

$2500 A YEAR
made with our grand
COMBINATION PROSPECTUS.

Represents 50 different books. Agents say this is the **BEST THING EVER TRIED.** The books sell themselves in every family, and good men can make a business for life in one county. Also, Agents wanted on our magnificent editions of Family Bibles. Superior to all others. Full particulars free. JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

BOOK CANVASSERS WANTED.—Competent and experienced Agents, who *mean business*, are wanted in every city and town in the United States and Provinces to sell by subscription two *new* and *popular* books, viz: *A Dictionary of Religious Knowledge*, by Rev. Lyman Abbott; and the *Life of Admiral Foote, U. S. N.*, by Prof. Hoppin, of Yale College. In a few weeks the Prospectus and order books will be ready for the last work of the late Dr. David Livingstone, the only authorized edition that will be published. Terms liberal. For further particulars, apply to or address

AVERY BILL,
Care of Harper & Brothers, New York.

5000 FIRST-CLASS AGENTS WANTED
On Potter's Complete
BIBLE ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Contains 2000 quarto pages and 3000 Illustrations. A Bible Dictionary, a Theological Dictionary, a Biographical Dictionary, and an Ecclesiastical Dictionary all in one. No other work like it. **Covers the whole field of Religious Literature.** In Two noble Volumes. Vol. I. now ready. For Circulars, terms, &c., address **JOHN E. POTTER & CO.,** Publishers, Phila.

CANVASSERS

positively make enough from now till January to keep them a year. **Entirely New Features.** Immense success. Be quick. Call, or send address for valuable specimens (free), to T. E. MOORE, Publisher, 11 Dey St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS.

We want a First-class Agent in every County in the UNITED STATES, and also in EUROPE, to sell the WORLD-RENOWNED WILSON SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINES, and the WILSON MANUFACTURING MACHINES, to whom we are prepared to offer EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS. For full particulars, apply or address WILSON SEWING-MACHINE CO., 827 and 829 Broadway, New York.
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO EXPORTERS.

STEADY
EMPLOYMENT

For one good agent in every town and county in the United States and Canada. If you desire the situation, apply at once. Address Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN,
21 Grand Street, Jersey City.

AGENTS WANTED! DIPLOMA AWARDED for HOLMAN'S NEW PICTORIAL BIBLES
1300 Illustrations. Address, for Circulars, **A. J. HOLMAN & CO., 930 ARCH St., Phila.**

Work for all At home, male or female; **$35 per week,** day or evening. **No Capital. We send valuable package of goods** by mail **free.** Address with ten cent return stamp, M. Young, 173 Greenwich St., N. Y.

$1500 A YEAR and Expenses.—Our terms defy competition. Work for all, old or young. A beautiful $1 75 Chromo and description Catalogue sent on receipt of 25 cents. CHROMO AGENCY, Chicago, Ill. P. O. Drawer 504.

$250 A MONTH.—Agents wanted every where. Business honorable and first-class. Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

A FORTUNE For All, in the Rubber Stamp Business. Address Dorman's Stencil and Stamp Works, Baltimore, Md.

WANTED—AGENTS—To sell the **"Life and Explorations of Dr. Livingstone."** Complete, authentic; a fresh book; price suited to the times. B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

$2400 Yearly to Agents. 54 new articles and the best Family Paper in America, with two $5 Chromos. Family Journal, 300 Br'way, N. Y.

Free SAMPLE to Agents. Ladies' Combination Needle-Book, with Chromos. Send stamp. Dean & Co., New Bedford, Mass.

$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

TAYLOR'S DAVID, KING OF ISRAEL. David, King of Israel: His Life and its Lessons. By the Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

II.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF EUSEBIUS. The First Book and Selections. Edited for Schools and Colleges by F. A. March, LL.D. With an Introduction by A. Ballard, D.D., Professor of Christian Greek and Latin in Lafayette College; and Explanatory Notes by W. B. Owen, A.M., Adjunct Professor of Christian Greek. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

III.

LATIN HYMNS, with English Notes. For use in Schools and Colleges. By F. A. March, LL.D., Professor of Comparative Philology in Lafayette College. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

IV.

HOPPIN'S LIFE OF ADMIRAL FOOTE. Life of Andrew Hull Foote, Rear-Admiral United States Navy. By James Mason Hoppin, Professor in Yale College. With a Portrait and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

V.

BACON'S GENESIS OF THE NEW ENGLAND CHURCHES. The Genesis of the New England Churches. By Leonard Bacon. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

VI.

SMITH'S FRENCH PRINCIPIA. The French Principia, Part I. A First French Course, containing Grammar, Delectus, Exercise-Book, and Vocabularies. On the same plan as Dr. Smith's *Principia Latina.* 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

VII.

CAMPAIGNING ON THE OXUS AND THE FALL OF KHIVA. By J. A. MacGahan. With Map and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

VIII.

LEWIS'S HISTORY OF GERMANY. A History of Germany, from the Earliest Times. Founded on Dr. David Müller's "History of the German People." By Charlton T. Lewis. With Maps and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

IX.

NAST'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC FOR 1875. With 90 Original Illustrations by Thomas Nast. Price 25 cents. Five copies sent to one address, postage prepaid, on receipt of $1 00.

X.

MILL'S LOGIC. Revised Edition. A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive: being a Connected View of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation. By John Stuart Mill. Printed from the Eighth London edition. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00; Sheep, $3 50.

XI.

GILLMORE'S PRAIRIE AND FOREST. Prairie and Forest: A Description of the Game of North America, with Personal Adventures in their Pursuit. By Parker Gillmore ("Ubique"). Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

XII.

NIMROD OF THE SEA; or, The American Whaleman. By William M. Davis. A Book of Thrilling Adventure. With many spirited Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

THE NEW NOVELS
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

THE TREASURE HUNTERS. By George Manville Fenn. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents.

JACK'S SISTER; or, True to Her Trust. By Miss Dora Havers. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

A SACK OF GOLD. By the Author of "Joseph the Jew." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Mrs. OLIPHANT'S Squire Arden. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

BLACKMORE'S Lorna Doone. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

Miss CRAIK'S Sylvia's Choice. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

SALEM. A Tale of the Seventeenth Century. By D. R. Castleton. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Mrs. OLIPHANT'S For Love and Life. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

TROLLOPE'S Doctor Thorne. Popular Edition. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

PAYN'S The Best of Husbands. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

DE MILLE'S The Living Link. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

Miss BRADDON'S Taken at the Flood. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

ROBINSON'S Second-Cousin Sarah. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Ten Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

MASONIC.—Agents wanted on commission or salary, for something entirely new—magnificent, and of the greatest interest to Masons. Send for descriptive circular and terms. REDDING & CO., Publishers of Masonic Works, 731 Broadway, N. Y.

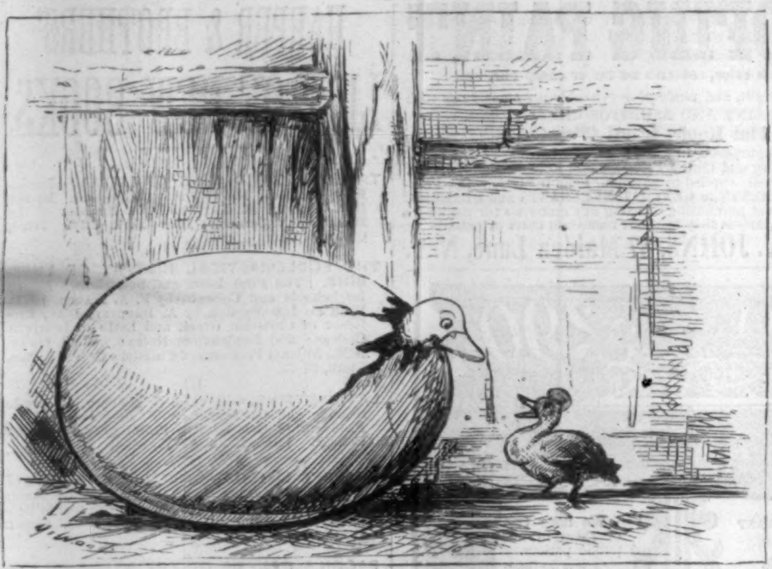
$350 A MONTH. Agents wanted. Ten best selling articles in the world. Circulars free. Address J. BRONSON, Detroit, Michigan.

$10 to $1000 Invested in Stocks and Gold pays 200 per cent. a month. Send for particulars. Tumbridge & Co., Bankers, 2 Wall St, N.Y.

$60 to 90 a week and expenses to all. Articles new: staple as flour. Samples free. C. M. Linington & Bro., N. Y. or Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED.—Men or women. $34 a week or $100 forfeited. *Valuable samples free.* Write at once to F. M. REED, Eighth St., New York.

LADIES can make $5 a day in their own city or town. Address Ellis Man'g Co., Waltham, Mass.



FRIENDLY DUCK: "Oh, you big Goose! Stay where you are; Thanksgiving-Day is coming!"

C. G. Gunther's Sons,

502-504 BROADWAY,
Offer their Extensive Stock of
LADIES' FURS,
at the Lowest possible Prices.
Sable, Seal, Mink, and all other Furs
in great varieties, including
Seal-Skin Sacques,
of all Grades and Styles.
FUR TRIMMINGS,
in very Large Assortment, of every description.

502-504 BROADWAY.

NOT A HOT AIR FURNACE;

GOLD'S HEATER SANITARY

Gives a mild, pleasant heat, EQUAL TO STEAM, at about half the expense: Self-regulating, Efficient, Economical, and Healthful. Send for illustrated Circular.

GOLD'S HEATER CO.,
47 CLIFF ST., N. Y.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,

MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List. Baltimore, Md.

Silver Bridal Gifts.

The Gorham Company,

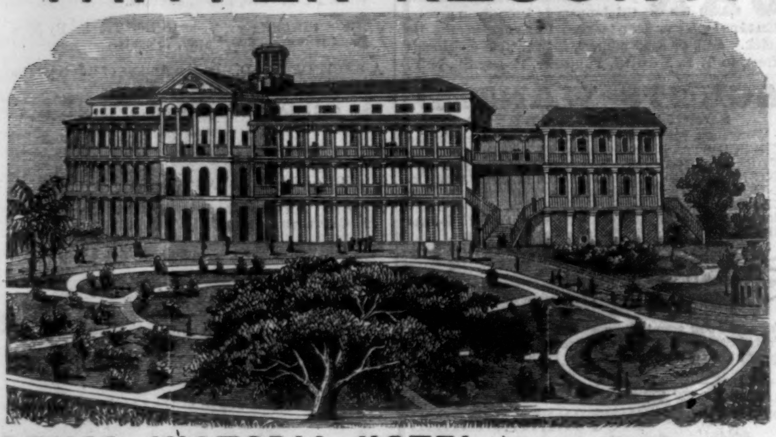
SILVERSMITHS. ESTABLISHED 1831.

No. 1 Bond St., N. Y.

Rich Bridal Gifts.—Testimonial Pieces.—Family Silver.—Forks and Spoons.—Services for Tea, Dinner, Lunch, &c., &c., of Sterling Purity only.

Those desirous of obtaining articles of Solid Silver, bearing the Gorham Sterling Stamp (Lion, Anchor, and the letter G), *which is a positive guarantee of purity*, may do so through the leading Jewelers throughout the country upon terms as favorable as if obtained from the Gorham Company direct.

WINTER RESORT.



ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL,

Nassau, N. P., Bahamas.
T. J. PORTER, Proprietor.

The ATLAS LINE OF STEAMERS sail every two weeks from foot of Christopher St., New York. Steamer "ANDES" leaves November 27th.

Persons desiring to escape the rigors of a Northern Winter can obtain Circular containing full information by addressing **JAMES LIDGERWOOD & CO., 758 Broadway, New York.**

FREEMAN & BURR,

CLOTHING WAREHOUSES,
138 & 140 FULTON ST.,
NEW YORK.

FREEMAN & BURR, availing themselves of the **GREAT DECLINE IN PRICES** in replenishing stock, open the season with a very large stock, and are selling at corresponding **LOW** prices.

To Order, or Ready-Made.

SUITS, $10.
SUITS, $20.
SUITS, $30.
SUITS, $40.
SUITS, $50.
SUITS, $60.

OVERCOATS, Ulsters, Sacks, Capes. OVERCOATS,
$5, $8, $10, $12, $15, $20, $30, $40.
OVERCOATS, For Boys, $5 to $20. OVERCOATS,

BOYS' SUITS, $5.
BOYS' SUITS, $8.
BOYS' SUITS, $10.
BOYS' SUITS, $12.
BOYS' SUITS, $15.
BOYS' SUITS, $20.

To Order, or Ready-Made.

COUNTRY ORDERS. ORDERS BY LETTER promptly filled. Our NEW SYSTEM FOR SELF-MEASURE, of which thousands avail themselves, enables parties in all parts of the country to order direct from us, with the certainty of receiving the most PERFECT FIT ATTAINABLE.

RULES for **SELF-MEASURE,** Samples of Goods, Book of Fashions and Prices, SENT FREE on application.

UNION ADAMS & CO.,

637 Broadway,
Are selling at low prices
Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Furnishing Goods, &c.,
Prior to **REMOVAL** to their New Store,
913 BROADWAY.

REMOVAL.

EXTRA
Inducements
IN
CARRIAGES
For 30 Days.

Previous to Removal to our
NEW WAREROOMS,
No. 25 Union Square,
IN DECEMBER,

We will offer extra inducements to purchasers of Carriages. Our stock embraces all the new and desirable styles, superbly finished in fashionable colors and material.

BRADLEY, PRAY, & CO.,
No. 558 BROADWAY.

CHILDREN TEETHING

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething has stood the test of thirty years. Millions of mothers can testify that it is reliable. Relieves the child from pain, softens the gums, regulates the bowels, gives an infant troubled with colic pains quiet sleep, and its parents unbroken rest.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.
Organs & Melodeons.

The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.

54,000

Now in use.
No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity.
☞ Send for Price-Lists.
Address **BUFFALO, N. Y.**

WHAT AN IDEA ye Jolliest Game in the Whole World. GAME of PUNCH & JUDY. Price 10c Post Paid.

The most Gloriously *Jolly*—Xquisitely *Original*—Dlightfully *Social* Game ever Invented—*Just as Full of Fun as it can stick*—Young and Old Play it—Children are crazy over it—Nothing so ☞ some ever published before.

For sale every where, or send to
Children's JOLLY GAME Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

SPRINGFIELD GAS MACHINE
238 CANAL ST.
NEW YORK

Illustrated Catalogue of over 100 pages sent free.

Harper's New and Enlarged Catalogue
WITH A COMPLETE ANALYTIC INDEX,
sent by mail on receipt of TEN CENTS.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

BEAR IN MIND

that there are only
4,000
Bonds participating in the
SECOND PREMIUM ALLOTMENT,
to be held
DECEMBER 7, 1874,
AT
STEINWAY HALL.
EVERY BOND
will at least receive
$21,
and may receive one of the
100 CAPITAL PREMIUMS
Drawn Serie Bonds for sale at
$40 EACH.

The amount realized from the sale of these Bonds will be used for the erection of the Permanent Industrial Exhibition Palace, situated on 98th to 102d Streets, between 3d and 4th Avenues, in New York City.

Address, for Bonds and Circulars, without delay,

MORGENTHAU, BRUNO, & CO.,
FINANCIAL AGENTS,
INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION COMPANY,
No. 23 Park Row, N. Y.
(Post-Office Drawer No. 29.)

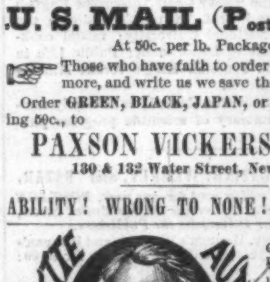
Remit by Draft on New York City Banks, by Registered Letter, or Post-Office Money Order.

Electro-Silicon is GUARANTEED to be the best article known for Cleaning and Polishing GOLD, SILVER, WARE, &c. Try it. Sold by druggists, house-furnishing stores, and jewelers.
COFFIN, REDINGTON, & CO.,
No. 9 Gold St., N. Y.

INTEGRITY! RIGHT TO ALL!! INDUSTRY!!!

We sell **good** tea at 40c. per lb., and send it by
U. S. MAIL (Postage Paid),
At 50c. per lb. Package.
☞ Those who have faith to order Sample lb. order more, and write us we save them 100 per cent.
Order **GREEN, BLACK, JAPAN,** or **MIXED,** enclosing 50c., to
PAXSON VICKERS' SONS,
130 & 132 Water Street, New York.

ABILITY! WRONG TO NONE!! PLUCK!!!



This is the finest Game of Authors ever published. Containing 72 cards; each card has a finely engraved Vignette from Steel of the following authors.

O. Wendell Holmes
Sir Walter Scott
Washington Irving
H. W. Longfellow
Geo. Will Curtis
Nathaniel Hawthorne
John G. Saxe
J. G. Holland
Henry Ward Beecher
Wilkie Collins
J. Fenimore Cooper
Wm. Cullen Bryant
Edw. Everett Hale
John G. Whittier
W. M. Thackery
Bayard Taylor
Charles Dickens
J. Russell Lowell

For Sale by all Booksellers, Stationers and Toy Dealers, or mailed post paid, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by
E. G. SELCHOW & CO., 41 John Street, N. Y.

Excelsior Portable Printing Presses

Do Your Own Printing
$9 Press for cards, labels, envelopes etc. Larger sizes for large work. **Business Men** do their printing and advertising, save money and increase trade. **Amateur Printing,** delightful pastime for spare hours. **BOYS** have great fun and make money fast at printing. Send two stamps for full catalogue presses type etc, to the Mfrs **KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn.**

LAWRENCE BROTHERS & CO.,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 16 WALL STREET NEW YORK.

Do Your Own PRINTING OUTFITS From $1 up. Catalogue Free. Family Printer *for Cards & Clothing* $1 to 3. Diamond Press *for Cards & Circulars* $5 to 10. Pearl Press *for all job work* $25 to 125. GOLDING & Co 14 Kilby St. Boston

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

FAREWELL forever, I swear! said he:
You are false and fickle, and nothing to me!
Lovers will quarrel, at night or noon,
And the witness of all was the Man in the Moon.

Farewell forever, I vow! said she:
You are cold and cruel, and nothing to me!
Lovers will quarrel, at night or noon,
And the witness to all was the Man in the Moon.

A whole long week is over since then,
And the two are hand in hand again;
Lovers are perjured, at night or noon,
And the witness to all was the Man in the Moon.

THE DEATH-CRY.

A Tale of the Banshee.

I WAS in the act of asking that question, so important to myself, "Are there any letters for the Rev. Hugh D'Alton?" at what I may call the "Poste Restante" of the Charing Cross Hotel, and at the same time preparing myself to wait patiently while pigeon-hole D was being looked through, when I heard behind me a voice I knew. That richest and most musical tone in the world—English cultivation upon an Irish *accent*, not an Irish *brogue*: when will our English friends learn the difference between the two?—was unmistakable; I should have known who the speaker was even if he had not descended upon me, of course clapped me on the back, and called out, "Hugh, old fellow, what brings you here?"

"Hunger," I said, "and a desire for my letters." A packet was presented to me as I spoke.

"Why do you let bores write to you when you're out for a lark? I wouldn't do it. Breakfast, did you say? All right—breakfast with me; I have such a jolly party here, and we're all going over to Ireland, to Randlestown, my boy, tomorrow morning. When do you go?"

"To-night."

"Wait for us, you may as well, and it will be twice the fun; and remember you spend Christmas at the Manor; but of course my mother and Norah have you booked already. Come along; never mind your letters now. I must introduce you to my friends."

I gave up my plans to his, and the second morning after our chance meeting found us all together at a rather early breakfast in a private room of the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin. My friend Henry, or, to call him by his more familiar name, Harry O'Neill, was the life of the party, and to good spirits Nature had enabled him to add the attractions of a handsome face and person. His unconquerable love of fun, and the quiet good-breeding with which, becoming grave in a moment, he met and answered all complaints and smoothed all difficulties, quite won over two elderly dowagers, who were strongly inclined to resent having been obliged to get up in time for a nine-o'clock breakfast after their long journey on the previous day. These ladies had never been in Ireland before, and they fully expected to meet "Rory of the Hills" upon the staircase about to make a raid upon the luggage, and to see a "Head Centre," with a pistol at full cock, looking in at every window.

Henry O'Neill, Esq., of Randlestown Manor, was a gentleman of good family and tolerably good fortune in the County Antrim, a descendant of the O'Neills of the Red Hand, and in appearance no unworthy scion of that princely house. He had been educated at Harrow, and by his own desire he went to Oxford, where, I believe, he was not distinguished for any thing but muscular—I suppose it is wrong to say *un*-Christianity. And yet I do not think he was more pagan in his ideas and conduct than were the majority of his contemporaries. His father died before he was of age, and left him to the guardianship of his mother, the Lady Mary O'Neill; and he was now, at four-and-twenty, engaged to his cousin, Norah Fitzgerald, the daughter of his father's only sister. Norah was an orphan, and, for an Irish girl, an heiress—heiresses in the Emerald Isle are not so plentiful as blackberries.

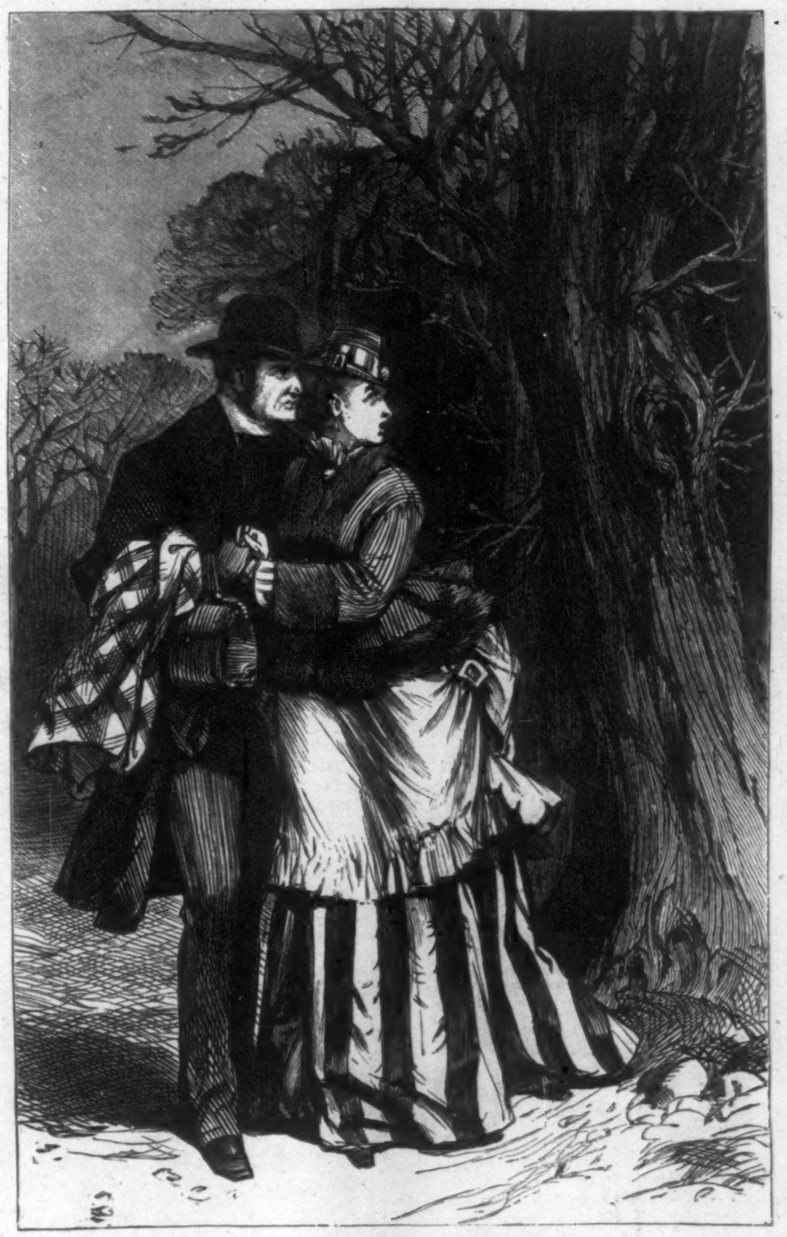
From the time Norah came to Randlestown Lady Mary set her heart upon the match, and she watched with pleasure the little girl's growing affection for her handsome cousin. I can not say that when he asked Norah to be his wife Harry did not make himself as happy as he made his mother; but circumstances, which I may perhaps be able to explain more fully by-and-by, convinced me that he was not in love with the beautiful and gentle girl who had given to him her whole heart. The engagement had now lasted some years, for Harry did not wish to marry until he was twenty-five, and when I met him so unexpectedly in London he still wanted a few months of that age. He had been abroad for some time, and he was then going back to Ireland with his gay party, to spend his last Christmas as a bachelor at Randlestown Manor.

I need not particularly describe all the members of the party; it consisted of some young men and women, and the two timid dowagers before mentioned. One of these ladies was a widow without incumbrance, an old friend of Lady Mary's, Mrs. Lestrange by name; the other—and to her I noticed that young O'Neill was 'specially attentive—was a Mrs. Lomax, and she was encumbered by a handsome girl, her daughter Adelaide. I had never before seen so handsome a woman. I did not like her, even from the first moment of our introduction; but her claims to beauty could not be denied by her greatest enemy. She was dark-skinned and dark-haired, and she had dark brown eyes with long black lashes; eyes which were often luminous and languishing, sometimes mournfully pathetic, but never tender. I have heard women declare that she had no heart; but they were wrong. That useful organ was not wanting; but although it might be stirred by a wild storm of passion, love—gentle, tender, self-sacrificing love—I could not give it credit for either feeling or inspiring.

O'Neill told me that he had met Mrs. Lomax and her daughter at Baden. Mrs. Lomax remembered having known the young man's mother; Lady Mary was reminded of her old acquaintance by letter; the intimacy prospered, and resulted in a cordial invitation to mother and daughter to spend Christmas in Ireland.

Forming my opinion upon all subjects connected with this and other matters from my own observation only, I judged that, if left to herself, Mrs. Lomax would have declined the invitation. I could see that she had a horror of Ireland, and that although she liked O'Neill, she had no desire to have him for a son-in-law. But if the mother's wishes were clear to me, so also were the daughter's.

Miss Lomax had strong opinions upon most subjects, but especially strong were her opinions upon all subjects which concerned herself; and I have no doubt whatever that she insisted upon the acceptance of the invitation; neither have I any doubt that she had determined upon the captivation and subjugation of Harry O'Neill; and I saw that the more he tried to resist her countless fascinations—and, to do him justice, he sometimes did try passive resistance—the more obstinately did she set herself to conquer him; and day by day she had the triumph of gaining ground.



"'THE BANSHEE! THE BANSHEE!' SHE MOANED."

Oh, how could he be unfaithful to that sweet promised wife of his, who watched him wistfully as every hour after the arrival of the party at Randlestown he became more and more visibly entangled in the snares of the dark-eyed Adelaide?

Men have certainly strangely elastic hearts and fancies, and no one capable of judgment on such matters could have mistaken O'Neill's state of mind the morning we all breakfasted together in Dublin. He placed himself beside the beautiful English girl; he lost no opportunity of whispering to her those words which express so little but which mean so much; and if she turned from him but for a moment, he would gaze on her with what some one has so forcibly, if also coarsely, called "hungry lover's eyes;" and I am quite sure that he would at that moment—unromantic and prosaic 9 A.M. as it was—have given a good ten years of his life if he could by any means, foul or fair, have got rid of all those stupid people, myself included, his dear friends and guests, and then and there have tried to win that woman for his own.

But as the gates of our earthly paradise rarely open at our desire, he had nothing for it but to eat a good breakfast, and to exert himself to be agreeable by talking of every thing under the sun, except that of which his heart and head were full.

He began by proposing the delay of a day in our journey.

"What do you say, Mrs. Lomax, and you, ladies all, shall we stay in Dublin until to-morrow, and devote to-day to the lions? We have nothing to frighten you on the shores of Lough Neagh but the Banshee, and she howls and appears on state occasions only."

"And they are—" said Miss Lomax.

"When some of us, the O'Neills, you know, are going to die, or even if some misfortune is going to happen, she gives a squeak or two, just to let us know she's there. I never heard her myself; but my mother and my cousin Norah swear they did."

"And did any thing happen?"

"I broke my arm at Harrow, that's all. Should you be afraid of her, Miss Lomax?" he added, lowering his voice, as men have a trick of doing when they are, or when they fancy themselves, in love.

"Of all things it is the dream of my life to hear the Banshee."

I wondered had she ever heard of the Banshee until that moment?

"I must not wish to be gratified, however," she added—and now hers was the lowered voice—"for my gratification might mean harm to *you*."

"Coffee, Sir," said a waiter at Harry's elbow; and by the time he had helped himself, Miss Lomax, having finished her breakfast, was leaving the room with her mother.

My pretty, gentle little Norah! I may call her mine now that the time of which I write has receded into the dim and distant background of our lives which we call the past. But mine she never was, unless loving her with all my heart made her so; in reality she was nothing to me, and I was less than nothing to her. A friend, perhaps, which is less than nothing to a man who would be all in all. Probably I came next in her estimation to her favorite horse and her pet dog, the giant Newfoundland that attended her in her walks.

We arrived in due time at the Manor, and I was beyond measure anxious that Norah should look well—her "very best," as the saying is—when she was introduced to her brilliant rival—for a rival I already called Miss Lomax; but never had I seen her look to such little advantage: her usually pretty color had faded into that gray leaden hue which invariably denotes fright or nervous agitation of some kind. She was of a singularly nervous and excitable temperament, and her manner was awkward and constrained. I noticed that when Miss Lomax was introduced by O'Neill to "My cousin, Miss Fitzgerald," her arched eyebrows went up, and the faintest possible expression of contempt passed over her beautiful face. Did she think the pale, timid-looking girl too insignificant to be a rival? I took for granted that she was aware of the engagement between O'Neill and his cousin; but if so, she never made even a jesting allusion to it. There was one thing I am sure she did not know, and that was that if Harry went in any way against his mother's wishes in the matter of his marriage, she had power to leave Randlestown away from him. The property was nominally, but not actually, his while his mother lived. Knowing these facts, I was doubly anxious for Norah's future; Harry would probably fulfill his engagement, and make her miserable.

Meanwhile the days passed on. Christmas was spent with unusual gayety; Norah gradually recovered her looks and spirits, and in her presence Harry was not demonstrative in his attentions to Miss Lomax. One afternoon I joined the walking party, for the reason that Norah had declined skating; so about half a dozen of us started together, two and two. O'Neill, with another half dozen, including Miss Lomax, went on the ice.

I noticed that Harry did not ask Norah to go with them; and when she asked him, with a look I could not have resisted, "Shall I walk or skate to-day, Harry?" he answered, 'Do just as you like." So she turned away with a little sigh, and did not do as she liked, for she did not stay with him.

The short January day was over, and we were returning home at a brisk pace by the light of the cold, frosty-looking stars. The darkness and the clear bracing air had an invigorating and enlivening effect upon us, for we talked and laughed as we had not done when we could see each other's faces clearly; even Norah seemed in good spirits, and I was very happy, for she walked with her hand upon my arm. But suddenly, as we were passing through a dark part of the long avenue, our gay voices and laughter were checked by the unexpected sound of a long, low, and melancholy cry; it rose upon a wild wailing note almost to a shriek, and then died out again.

Norah dropped my arm, and she would have fallen had I not been quick enough to catch her.

"The Banshee! the Banshee!" she moaned. "Oh, do you not hear it? My God! what is going to happen now?"

"What is it?" cried the other ladies, as they and the gentlemen crowded round us. "What does Miss Fitzgerald say?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied; "but a cry like that at night coming suddenly—"

As I spoke the wild wail rose again; it seemed quite close to us now, and appeared to be moving on. This time Norah did not speak. She had fainted. I carried her tenderly to the house, and just on the steps we met two of the skating party, O'Neill and Miss Lomax, returning alone from their pleasure.

"What has happened?" cried Harry, on seeing imperfectly by the faint light that I carried something. "What is it, old fellow? Any one been stealing sheep?"

I brushed past him into the lighted hall; the others crowded after me; he was at their head.

"Your cousin has fainted," I said then, shortly enough; "she heard that unearthly cry just now, which is supposed to be the Banshee—some practical joke, of course. Did you hear nothing? Did you meet no one?"

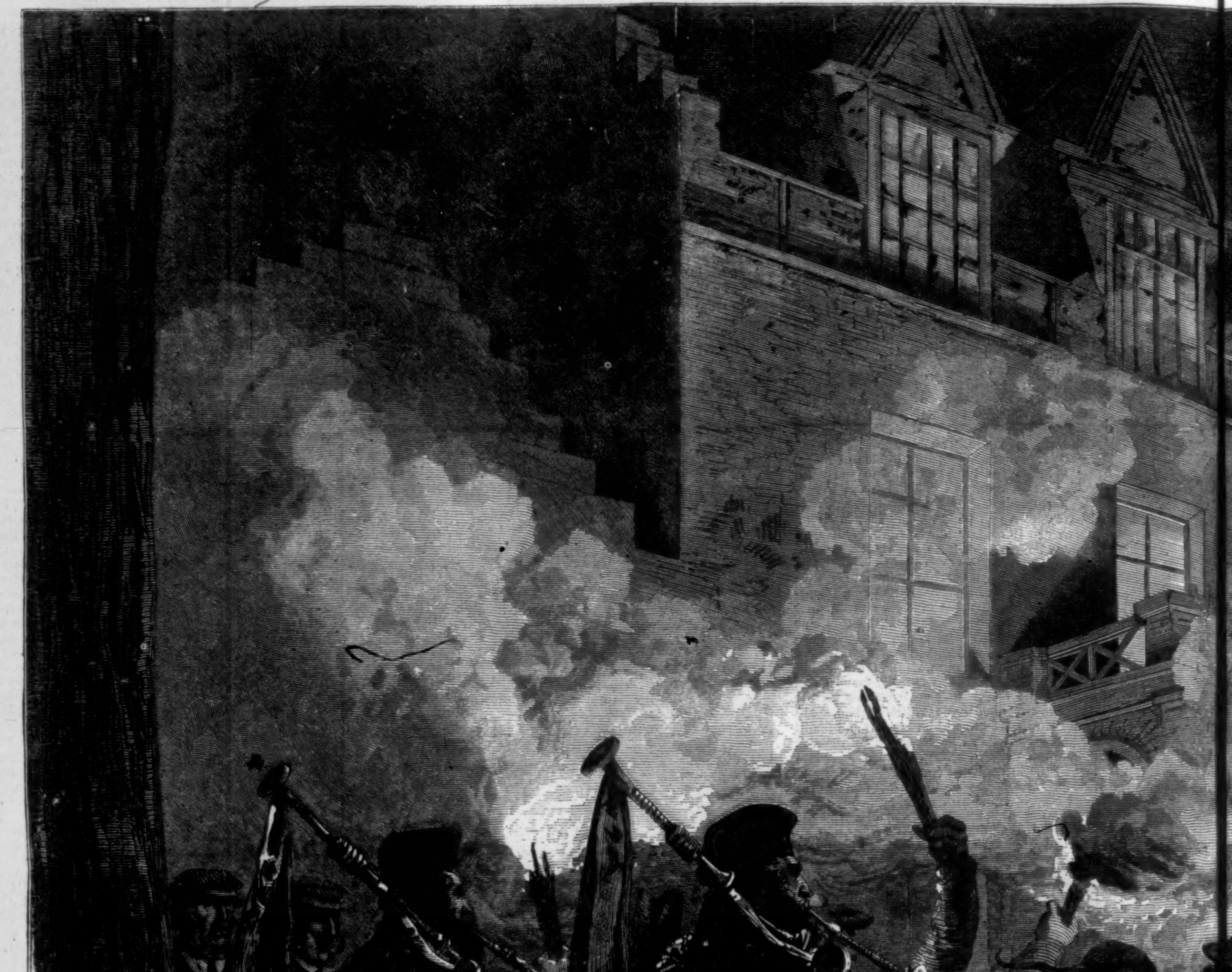
"What nonsense!" he muttered; but a sudden and rapid exchange of glances passed between him and Miss Lomax; and I at once remembered having heard her boast that she could imitate perfectly any voice or cry or call which she had herself either heard or heard imitated by another. Was there, then, any connection between her and the Banshee's cry?

Twelfth-day passed, and then, with the exception of Mrs. and Miss Lomax, the guests left the Manor; they lingered on and on, until I lost all patience; but losing patience of course hurt no one but myself. I was provoked, too, that no one would sift to the bottom the mystery of the cry which had so terrified poor, gentle, timid little Norah. Lady Mary pooh-poohed the whole thing as if it were fancy on her niece's part. I could not make myself officious in the matter; and presently the subject was forgotten except by me, and, I am sure, by Norah also; but I never spoke of it to her.

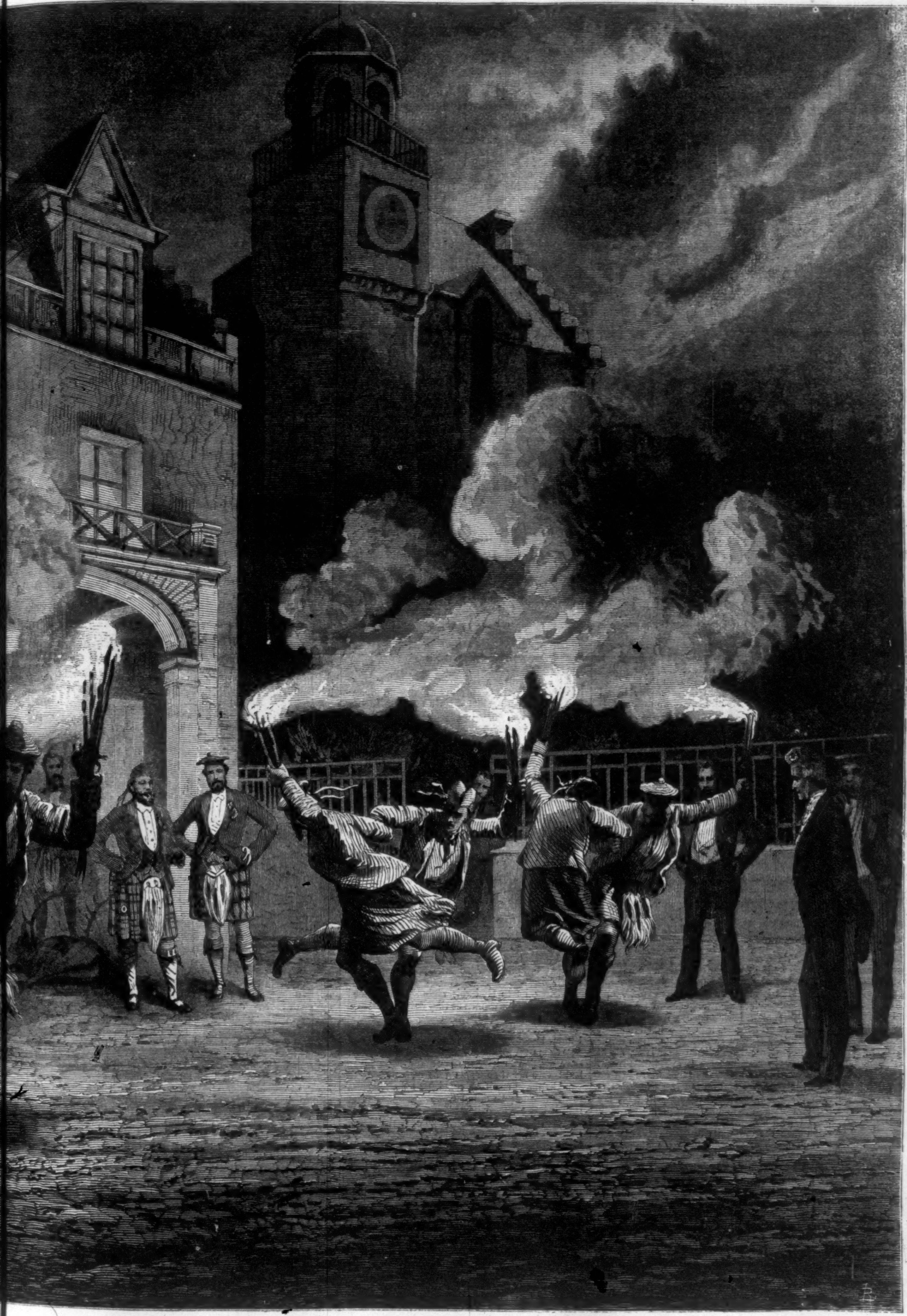
Before I, too, left the Manor, after my long Christmas visit, for my lodgings in the village, I had another mysterious circumstance to think about. I must, before I briefly relate this new mystery, describe the position of the bedrooms in the Manor-house. They were many in number, and they opened upon one side of a very long gallery; on the other side there was a balustrade, over which you could look down into the handsome hall below. O'Neill had a suit of rooms upon the ground-floor; my room was at the end of the gallery, and my door would face any one walking along the gallery from the staircase. Having been over the house a hundred times, I knew that the door next to mine led into a small boudoir or dressing-room, out of which a bedroom opened, which bedroom had also a second door opening on the gallery; and I knew that boudoir and bedroom had been appropriated to Miss Lomax by Lady Mary's order.

Upon the last night of my visit, not feeling in-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 988.]



A HIGHLAND REEL AT ABERGELDIE.—[From a Picture



cture in the Possession of the Prince of Wales.]